

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume V. }

No. 1555.—March 28, 1874.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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SPRING.

THOU of the sunny head,
With lilies garlanded,
And bosom fairer than the blown sea foam ;
O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay
Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold ?
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.
Come, sweet Enchantress, come !

Though, in the sombre west,
Thy star hath lit its crest —
Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered
moon —
Thy violets are sepulchred in snow,
Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun,
Rude winds throughout the ruined forests
blow,
And silent is the dove's melodious moan ;
Enchantress, hasten soon.

White are the country ways,
And white and tangled maze,
Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme ;
Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge,
Cold glooms the spectral mill above the
flood ;
Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied
bridge,
And lightnings strike the darkness of the
wood :
Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn,
No freshly-blossomed thorn,
Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes ;
The day wastes drearily, through cloud and
sleet ;
Over the watered meadows and stark vales
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,
And ships and cities shiver in the gales ;
O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee
The rathe bud for the tree,
The healing sunshine for the trampled grass ;
Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless
the eaves,
And shield the swallows in the rainy hours,
The pendent flames which the laburnum
heaves,
And faint scents for the wind-stirred lilac
flowers.
Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and kissed, of old,
Thy garment's glittering fold —
Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste ;
Earth kindled at thine advent — altars
burned,
And ringing cymbals bade the hearths be
gay ;
But now, in sunless solitude inurned,
Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day.
O haste, Enchantress, haste !

The lark shall sing again,
Between the sun and rain,
The brown bee through the flowered pastures
roam.
There shall be music in the frozen woods,
A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,
An odour in the half-unblossomed bud,
And dancing foxgloves in each forest
nook ;
Then, come, Enchantress, come !

Chambers' Journal.

SONNET.

ALAS ! sweet Life, that thou must fly so fast !
Is there no breathing-space for thee and me ?
So much we have to say, and learn, and see,
So late it seems since spring's glad moments
past ; —
And now the leaves change colour at the blast,
And the chill mists come creeping up the lea,
While one by one friends pass me silently
To the strange rest that ends this coil at last.
With them depart the splendour and the glow,
The fervour caught from meadow, mount, and
river,
The lovely light, purer than unstained snow,
That filled dear eyes and made the pulses
quiver ;
Ah ! let me, then, call back the word I said, —
'Tis better life should fly, since friends have
fled.

Spectator.

JOHN DENNIS.

TWO ROBBERS.

WHEN Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep, save she, the grace
That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty year by year,
For her slow fading grace
Who sheds, save she, a tear ?

And Death not often dares
So wake the World's distress ;
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
Fades all our fairest prime,
Men shrink from cruel Death,
But honour crafty Time.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Quarterly Review.

JOHN STUART MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

WHATEVER may be the duration and influence of Mr. Mill's two great contributions to science, this book is likely to survive long the slop-pail deluge of contemporary publications, at any rate as a curiosity of literature. The style indeed is rather wanting in variety and sweetness. Traces of carelessness occur;† but it has the exquisite and admirable lucidity which almost uniformly characterizes the writer, and rises often, if hardly to eloquence or passion, yet to a certain fervent dignity, not unlike that of the dialogue on Oratory ascribed to the historian Tacitus. It is the style of a philosopher, to whom a consciousness, legitimate if not wholly graceful, of his own superiority to the crowd around him, of his imagined freedom contrasted with their unsuspected servitude, has given, not pleasurable exultation, but a tone of compassionate melancholy, combined with that peculiarly exclusive *hauteur* which is the privilege of "advanced thinkers." It is, however, not the whole book so much as the earlier part of the story here told which has impressed men much, and will probably impress them long. No one, in whom the mind is at all awake, can read without an intense interest how a child, born in this ease-loving century, was submitted to an education of intellectual rigidity not less severe than the asceticism of the Spartan youth; how a father of unusual ability, by the unwearied compression of this iron discipline, liquefied (as it were) the mind of his more gifted son, and then forced it violently into the mould which he had prepared for that son's whole moral and mental material, predestinating him to certain forms of thought for life; how, lastly, this child, at the age of spelling-books and pinafores, had read with intelligence books, and pursued with intelligence sciences, which few have mastered equally well at five-and-twenty.‡

* *Autobiography*. By John Stuart Mill. London, 1873.

† "The patience of all was exhausted except me and Roebuck." "This did very well for several years," and the like.

‡ We suppose that this is the meaning of the words,

Much was given here, much was also destroyed. Yet, however we may judge the man and the work, no candid judge will deny that the mature results of this unique education, if not proportionate to it, were at least not unworthy of the labour which had been only too assiduously bestowed on preparing the boy to produce them.

We propose to give here but a brief account of Mr. Mill's life, as set forth in the book, of which it may be presumed that few readers who will care to glance at these pages will be ignorant; but to dwell at greater length upon points of critical value in the development of the writer's mind, illustrating them occasionally by reference to the works produced at the different stages of his career. To review Mill as a logician and political economist, or even as a politician or essayist, would be of course beyond our aim. But this species of reference to his writings (to which the autobiography itself invites us) has not yet, so far as we know, been attempted, although without it, the autobiography, in its later portion, is little more than an index or outline.

Let us add that if, in our notice, the characters or abilities of some lately dead, or still living, are touched on in a spirit of fearless, but (we trust) fair criticism, this is inevitable in reviewing a book of this nature, and is indeed the last thing which the author himself would have deprecated. The feelings with which we regard Mr. Mill we hope will be made clear as we advance. To begin with professions of respect, or eulogy, in case of a man of his calibre, would savour of assumption and impertinence.

Born in May, 1806, John Stuart Mill, whether within the nursery we do not hear, was initiated into the Greek language at three years old—a fact which, if it recalls involuntarily a lively couplet of "Hudibras," may remind us, more worthily, that perhaps no European baby has enjoyed the similar advantage of ac-

"I started with an advantage of a *quarter of a century* over my contemporaries" (p. 30):—one of the few phrases not perfectly clear in expression which the book contains.

quaintance with the most beautiful of all languages for some fourteen centuries, at least, in its ancient grace and purity. Latin was deferred till the child was seven. By that time he had read, and read thoroughly, if not always, or perhaps often, with real comprehension, Æsop, the "Anabasis," all Herodotus, the "Cypædia," the "Memorabilia," parts of Diogenes, of Lucian (selection was certainly desirable here), and of Isocrates, ending with six dialogues of Plato, on one of which Mill candidly remarks that "it was totally impossible that I should understand it." To add to the difficulty, in these and the later studies, it must be remembered that in 1810 a Greek lexicon was a ponderous thing, weighing nearly as much as the little student, and intellectually also requiring "a robust genius to grapple with," as the renderings never fell below the dignity of Latin. Hence Mr. James Mill, the son's only teacher, and "one of the most impatient of men," had constantly to supply the English equivalents—a task which, when one thinks of all Herodotus only, must have rivalled his simultaneous labour upon the history of British India.

This, however, represents only a part of the child's work before his eighth birthday. In history he read, noted, and analyzed by memory Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Watson, Hooke, Langhorne's "Plutarch," Burnet, the "Annual Register," Millar, and Mosheim. Biography and travels were represented (always between the ages of three and eight) by the life of Knox, the histories of the Quakers, Beaver's "Africa," Collins's "New South Wales," Anson's and Hawkesworth's voyages. Nor were "children's books" wholly absent, though "allowed very sparingly;" and indeed "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," and even the tales of Miss Edgeworth herself, must have hardly felt themselves entitled to recognition in the society of such advanced competitors.

The next stage lasts till fourteen—an age at which most of us can recall our own acquirements with perfect ease, and count them on our fingers. But Pico of Mirandola, that early and still remem-

bered Florentine paragon of precocity, could hardly have shown a more appalling catalogue, whether in bulk or difficulty, than is here printed. Virgil, Horace, Phædrus, Livy, Sallust, the "Metamorphoses," Terence, Cicero, Homer, Thucydides, the "Hellenica," Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, Theocritus, Anacreon, Aristotle's "Rhetoric"—we omit books read only in selections—were mainly worked through "from my eighth to my twelfth year;" Euclid, Algebra, the higher mathematics, Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and various treatises on Chemistry, coming in by the way; whilst the list of English books, prose and poetry, read for private study would go far towards forming the nucleus of a respectable lending library. A boy to whom books, in Wordsworth's phrase, were such a "substantial world," could not resist the impulse to add to the number, and Mill "successively composed a Roman History, an Abridgment of Universal History, a History of Holland, and a History of the Roman Government." Meanwhile the boy was assiduously practised in English verse, to which a less modest man might have assigned with more confidence his rare mastery over prose. But in Greek he never wrote at all, and but little in Latin—not (as some might expect) through theories on the subject which have often been agitated since, mainly amongst persons of half-cultivation—but "because there was really no time"—a confession which will not surprise the reader.

The last two years of regular training lay not in "the aids and appliances of thought, but the thoughts themselves." Logic was first studied in Aristotle's "Organon" and "Analytics," Hobbes, and some scholastic writers: Political Economy in Ricardo and Adam Smith: Plato, Tacitus, Quintilian, and other ancient writers being also mastered; whilst, besides these fertile sources of thought, Mill's filial gratitude assigns much to the "History of India," which he read through "for the press" to his father.

Mill now pauses in his narration, which has carried him to the age at which boys

in general are just entering on their public school. Let us pause also, and look back on the pupil and the teacher.

Human nature claims the relief of a smile at a glance over the vast catalogue which we have imperfectly transcribed. Only a mature man, of unusually finished education, can even fully appreciate the range and the difficulty of the task accomplished by this boy of thirteen.

Non equidem invidio, — mirror magis :

will be the comment of many sensible readers. Prig! Pedant! and Poor fellow! will resound from other quarters. And even though Mill assures us that this system "was not such as to prevent him from having a happy childhood," more than a little which we cannot but pity is presented by the picture. But we pity more those whose scorn is aroused by it. For, after all, and all deductions in reason made (nor will it be seen that we hold these deductions slight), it is no small thing to have lived the life or done the work of John Stuart Mill. And though no one is likely to accept his humble estimate of his own natural capacities,* yet these results must, in a more than common degree, be assigned to his education.

Some faults in his father's instruction he candidly admits; some intellectual requirements were too severe; some physical advantages and practical readinsses were sacrificed. In regard to one danger, obvious in case of a young boy thus informed, conceit, the tone of his works and speeches (even without recourse to the corroboration of our personal experience), makes us fully and heartily accept his own verdict. "My state of mind was not humility, but neither was it arrogance. I neither estimated myself highly nor lowly: I did not estimate myself at all." This statement may naturally be disputed, even by these who are qualified to dispute it. But Mill is here obviously speaking of arrogance in a personal sense. What has been mistaken for it is the tone of egotistic dogmatism common to all who, having been trained in rigidly demonstrative

methods (logical or scientific), are hence under a constant conviction that they must be arguing consistently and logically. Arrogance in this sense, and from these sources, it cannot be denied, is increasing, and likely to increase, in the modern world. But in Mill's case the tone was enhanced by another element in modern life, of which more anon.

In regard to another obvious risk, that so much study could be only crammed, not digested, he gives satisfactory proof that this danger, by his father's wise and patient care, was averted: — and here, again, the son's writings form a sufficient proof. In fact, the heaviest criticism which we have to make against Mill's early education is, that it was too successful. Whether he was correct in having "always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker" (p. 242), or whether originality may have been stifled by his training, it is remarkable how closely his aims and opinions, to the end, kept the forms of the mould into which (as we have observed) his youth was poured by his father. Within those limits he moved a little, as indeed a less able and observant man who lived on into the century must have moved; but (with one exception) we cannot find that he seriously outgrew them. In Logic, in Political Economy, in Politics, in Ethics, in Religion, in hatred of priestly and aristocratic systems, in preference for a life of more rigid and injurious exclusiveness than any fashionable "exclusive" ever dreamed of, in contempt for the common ways of Englishmen, James Mill is substantially reproduced in John Stuart. Even his developments, we shall see, are in general not so much vigorous shoots from the original trunk, as those abnormal and morbidly active growths which are found when abundant vital energies, long exposed to restricted light and strong pressure, are stimulated, not by "the common sun, the air, the skies," but by the artificial and unwholesome atmosphere of the closest of all conceivable coteries.

Beside the positive elements which we have now briefly sketched, James Mill's educational system had a restrictive side, the effects of which were through life

* See p. 30.

burnt in upon his son. To the injurious results of one negative element he became soon awake, and his efforts to supply what are wanting colour his later life with almost the only tint in which it deviated seriously from the father's pattern. It was often charged against Benthamism, while Benthamism appeared to be a living thing, that it waged war against all the charm of life, despised art and poetry, and treated feeling as an infirmity; and Benthamists were not slow in repudiating these charges. Yet the terrible downrightness of Mill's autobiography establishes them against his father, so far as they could be true of any able and intelligent man. It was not that James Mill was wholly dead to poetry: he cared for a few of our poets, reserving "his highest admiration" for Milton; a judgment which surprises us more than to learn that he did not appreciate Shakespeare. But "for passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt" (p. 49). It is hardly possible to avoid the inference, that what he valued in poetry could not have been its poetical side, or that it could not penetrate the dour nature of the grim ex-Calvinist. At any rate, when the too docile pupil came forth complete in Benthamism, he confesses, with the fearless candour which, to many readers and through many years, will throw a singular and indescribable charm over the "Autobiography" and the Autobiographer, that he was, for a considerable time, more or less blind to the claims of this side of humanity. "From this neglect both in theory and in practice of the cultivation of feeling, naturally resulted an underrating of poetry, and of imagination generally, as an element of human nature." He did not dislike poetry, but "was theoretically indifferent to it. And I was wholly blind to its place in human culture, as a means of educating the feelings" (p. 112).

Mill was really, as we have known him, a man of high, of even over-wrought sensitiveness and passionate impulse: and when he reached full manhood, Nature avenged herself strangely and sadly on a training which had all the inhuman harshness of asceticism without its hopes and horizons. The reaction against Puritanism, which had guided the father to complete religious disbelief, guided the son into an emotionalism which was ever ready to pass into extravagance: singular testimonies to the stubborn power of a

system apparently so antagonistic to natural human feeling! Sentiment, in the intensity of this reaction, asserted its rights with revolutionary violence; but the balance between heart and head could not thus be reached. Science tells us of two modes in which elements combine, the chemical and the mechanical; the chemical being a true and vital fusion between atoms, the other a simple bond of close juxtaposition. Mill unhappily lacked during the plastic period of childhood the simultaneous training of reason and sentiment which is received every day by thousands of children who will never hear of Plato or Bentham; and, lacking this, the union between sentiment and reason in his nature remained to the end mechanical. This we regard as the true key to his life. If he was too finely organized, too fearless and honest, to allow the head and heart consciously to contradict each other, their conclusions were sometimes not homogeneous; the framework is austere and logical, the contents are heated and sentimental.

Of this judgment (and it is one formed from his writings, long before the "Autobiography" almost overtly revealed the case), we shall offer further proofs presently. Meanwhile, to complete Mill's relations to art, let us add that (so far as the evidence goes) though he no doubt gained much from Poetry, and loved her well, he never penetrated into her real spirit. We may say at once, before entering on our first illustrative notice from his works, that there is hardly a page in which — whether learning or dissenting, — we do not feel that we are in the presence of a master. The "Thoughts on Poetry," however, (1833: "Dissertations,") are among the least complete of his essays; they betray throughout a hand inexperienced in the craft: they are like the music of one who begins his instrument after youth.

The first part attempts to define Poetry and its main divisions. Here an ingenious analysis, leading us gradually to the somewhat trite definition of poetry as "man's thoughts tinged by his feelings," which Mill considers true, except that it fails "to discriminate between poetry and eloquence," tries to complete that definition by the phrase that "eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *overheard*;" eloquence courting the sympathy of others, whilst "all poetry is of the nature of soliloquy." This is nearly all, the same idea being then briefly applied to painting; * that

* Here we find: "Who would not prefer one Virgin

which really differentiates poetry from every other art — its peculiar rhythmical structure — being not only disregarded, but the reference to it as the definition of art, treated as utter vulgarity. Yet it needs little thought to perceive that not only must the technical "proprium" or speciality of every art necessarily enter, as the ground-idea, into its definition; but that in poetry the intimate and exquisite union between metrical structure and sense is the very mark and highest achievement of the greatest poets. Even the notion of "soliloquy," though curious and valuable, does not carry us far — applicable to Sappho, or Petrarch, or Shelley, it fails wholly when applied to Homer, to Pindar, to Horace, to Milton. But the narrowness of the theory is illustrated sufficiently by the second part of the paper, which mainly dwells on the difference between those who are born poets, and those who make themselves poets. Here the once famous "Association" theory of our thoughts and emotions is employed to establish and explain the distinction. That theory, to which Mill adhered through life, we should describe in the words which he applies to the once not less famous theory of Condillac, as a philosophy which consists "solely of a set of verbal generalizations, explaining nothing, distinguishing nothing, leading to nothing,"* except so far as it exemplifies the familiar force of habit, or expresses strictly physical phenomena. Naturally, we find a result which, with some obvious truth, puts that truth in so pedantic and distorted a form as almost to deprive it of value. Wordsworth is treated as the type of the "poetry of culture;" Shelley, of the born "poetic temperament." In Wordsworth "the poetry is almost always the mere setting of a thought. There is an air of calm deliberateness, which is not characteristic of the poetic temperament. He never seems *possessed* by any feeling." Culture, on the other hand, "is precisely what was wanting to Shelley." There is so far truth here, that Shelley is the more exuberant and impulsive, and that emotional vividness is stronger in him than in Wordsworth. But what is called the latter's "mere setting of a thought," is just the reverse of what we should say of Wordsworth in his

most characteristic pieces. A hundred of them may be named, in which a sentiment is the true theme: what the poet has done is, rarely to give the sentiment without giving also the thought to which it is most nearly allied. He adds the reason to the passion — an alliance which Mill presently sets forth as the ideal of poetry. So with the next criticism; — Calmness is precisely what we should claim for the highest poetic temperament. Its very triumph is to govern the ecstasy which at first ruled it. Is not this what, by common consent, marks Sophocles and Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe? Nor is the description of Shelley, though superficially plausible, nearer truth. His life, during its unhappily brief day, shows us a poet inferior to none in diligence of culture. He studied many more books before nine-and-twenty than Wordsworth during his long life. What Shelley wanted, or had not reached, was central power to control and concentrate the "extravagant and erring spirit" of his marvellous imagination.

With so shallow and feeble a grasp of the facts, and so inadequate an idea of poetry, it is not surprising to find Mill announcing presently that "the genius of Wordsworth is essentially unlyrical;" or that "a poet may always, by culture, make himself a philosopher." We do not doubt that, really gifted as Mill was with both penetration and feeling, he had the potential capacity for a far truer appreciation. But he came, in Plato's phrase, too late "to the gate of the Muses;" and they refused him access to "the inmost enchanted fountains" of poetry. It is to make the reader feel this result of Mill's education that we have dwelt so long upon the subject. It neglected Sentiment and Poetry; but the mastery which he never gained over poetry, sentiment gained over him.

There is yet one more result of that education, which we cannot evade, but which we approach with the sincerest diffidence and the sincerest reluctance. Before, however, we touch upon this, let us survey for a moment the figure of the teacher. James Mill's "Essay on Government" was, indeed, demolished once and forever by Macaulay's review,* with

and Child of Raphael, to all the pictures which Rubens, with his fat, frowzy, Dutch Venuses, ever painted?" Surely this is the babyhood of criticism. But, if pardonable at twenty-six, it should not have reappeared without the notes of correction which Mill has elsewhere supplied, in all its curious crudity, in 1859.

* "Dissertations," vol. i. p. 410.

* This review (which we strongly commend to the notice of readers who desire to learn the actual feelings of fifty years since on "Benthamism," as contrasted with the pale reflex given by John Mill when he had cast aside that "sectarianism"), suppressed by Macaulay with his usual generosity to a worthy opponent, has been (with equal propriety) restored to its place among his "Miscellaneous Writings." Our space only admits of this reference.

the most brilliant and exquisite severity. His "History of British India," a work of other value, has barely managed to find an English public. No success has attended the filial generosity which tried to galvanize the "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind" into a life of which it was never capable. Yet that figure, despotic over the whole career of his far more gifted son, is one well deserving our study. A born Scot, with all implied by this, and trained for the Scottish church ministry, with all which that, also, implies, he had early in life rejected, "not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion." But the "dominant chords" had been too strongly struck; the iron had entered into his soul. It was with definite purpose that we spoke of him as *predestinating* his son to certain forms of thought for life. For, throughout his own, he was possessed by the despairing gloom, the austere fanaticism, the moral power, of his first—say, rather, his only—creed. That creed has, indeed, more than one noteworthy follower whom it has driven into reaction; but we know none who presents with equal completeness the type of the ex-Calvinist. The Christianity which James Mill rejected appears never to have surpassed the rigid but powerful dogmatism with which Calvinism is popularly associated. Omnipotence and hell, each taken in its crudest sense, as if the terms referred to things tangible and visible, were all the elements that he read in the Christian scheme. This scarecrow skeleton of dogma, from which (to put one point alone) the idea of God as Love was wholly absent, and which, as a true expression of their creed, Augustine and Calvin would have put aside with compassionate contempt, seems again (if we rightly interpret the scanty notice given) to have been all of Christianity that he found in Butler's "Analogy," to the amazing force of which he bore witness. Feeling, however, with a sensitiveness which sprang from the best side of his nature, the often "unfelt oppressions of the world," the wrong and misery under the sun, James Mill concluded with a leap that, as he could not reconcile to himself the contemporaneous existence of God, all-knowing and all-powerful, and of Evil, his sole refuge was the denial that any solution could be found; as if, by "gaining resolution from despair," and deepening the gloom which all the most devout believers have recognized, from the

days of St. Paul, as fully as he, some strange tonic could be discovered, enabling him better to do his part in relieving it. As a superstition, he repudiated, also, the idea which "attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe." Thus thinking, he repudiated all inquiry into the causation and origin of the world, all questions of the "whence and whither," as hopeless and inscrutable, accepting "Agnosticism" * (as we have heard it called) as his only possible creed; too honest to think the existence of God deniable; at once disbelieving and trembling at the sight of the evil around him. The deplorable historical ignorance which he "a hundred times" displayed in defence of that "aversion to religion" which must always accompany consistent Nihilism, and the baby argument with which he thought he clenched his reasoning, may be read in his son's relentless chronicle (pp. 40-43). They are both such as might have been heard, any day, from the lips of a mechanic of that period, caricaturing Paine's "Age of Reason" on an alehouse bench.

Men may undoubtedly play, like children, on the edge of the volcano, Death, and, shutting their eyes, like ostriches, to all but the immediate, live gaily with the "beyond this, nothing" of Sardanapalus. Such an existence, common amongst the lowest stamp of humanity at all times, has been occasionally reduced to a theory, as by the club of those "going to die together," established when Greece was decadent, or by a few of the *litterati* of the later Renaissance.† But to a man of feeling and intellect this kind of life is impossible: he cannot, like the priests of Cybele, consent thus to divest himself of manhood. By his son's account, James Mill was in the mournful position of one who found himself surrounded by evil

* This "Agnosticism" differed, it will be seen, from that avowed in our own day, which seems to have its origin partly in a spirit of apathetic or supercilious indolence, partly in the unphilosophical notion that nothing can be proved or believed to which the special methods of physical science (which is assumed by the Agnostic to contain no hypothetical or ontological elements) are inapplicable. Mill's attitude, on the contrary, even by those who judge it begotten between Calvinism narrowly construed and the overwrought sensitiveness of a recluse, is of a noble stamp, and may justly command the respectful pity of those who, fortunate in a wider faith and a deeper philosophy, reject it with the utmost security of conviction suited to, and attainable by, human creatures.

† An attempt to revive this theory, on the side of Art (which decorates its nakedness a little), has been made in some recent volumes of verse and criticism, saturated too often with a spirit of subtle affectation and nauseous effeminacy.

and suffering, for which he could see neither cause nor compensation, neither origin nor ending. The world, in his eyes, was a battle-field in darkness, where aristocrats and priests, "enemies of the human race," were contending with the utilitarian and association philosophies, the forlorn hopes for possible light and happiness (pp. 40, 41, 106-8). The Calvinist *Inferno*, from which he revolted, was hardly a more dismal spectacle than this, and Manichæism itself, could he have accepted it, would have been a cheerful creed in comparison. Spurning what he held to be the idle subtleties of Christianity, he entertained no doubt that by such scepticism he had at least cured himself of an injurious superstition:—

Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity?

Plato and Tacitus, in some terrible phrases, have laid bare and painted the soul of a tyrant. But this spectacle is hardly more repulsive, though from very different causes, than the picture which is now presented to us, in the pages of a deeply-admiring biographer. James Mill here appears as a man suffering perpetual eclipse, living in a "land of darkness, where the light was as darkness;" the darkness, not of intellect, but of despair, and as one lying under the shadow of Ahriman. "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of *unsatisfied curiosity* had gone by"—the noble and enduring interest in physical, historical, or intellectual investigation, which in itself has animated so many lives, being, apparently, nothing in his eyes but boyish curiosity. "This was a topic on which he did not often speak; but when he did it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be by good government and education, it would be worth having; but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility." Temperament and views of this kind made James Mill naturally look to the philosophy of Greece, or, rather, to the recorded sayings of her philosophers, as an ethical code; they became the gospel of what, in geological phrase, we should describe as a "metamorphic" Puritanism. The son curiously describes him as "partaking of the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic." There is something almost pathetic in John Mill's attempt to dignify with these great names

his father's crude ex-Calvinism. But it is impossible for others to regard with seriousness an eclecticism which presented a Stoic without his belief in Providence, and an Epicurean without his belief in pleasure.

It is not wonderful that a general sternness should have marked this singular man in relation to his fellow-creatures. His creed itself, if we can call it such, was obviously the child, not of reason, but of sentiment; it reflected the gloom of his nature, whilst deepening it: though denying Deity, it was itself a subtle form of "anthropomorphism." His wife's name, wholly absent from the book like the image of Brutus from the funeral procession, to adopt the phrase of Tacitus, *eo ipso præfulget*. "The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness." John Mill, piously unwilling to admit so great a defect, argues that the father really possessed "much greater capacities for feeling than were ever developed." This may have been; but the reason to which he ascribes the want of development is of little force. It was simply one part of the theory which James Mill's metamorphic Puritanism (as we have called it) had embraced. Such was his severity, that the son never loved him tenderly; and such his despotic attitude towards opinions differing from his own, that long after, that son (then in the maturity of his powers) was unable "to speak out his whole mind on the subject" of his philosophy, in regard to points on which he dissented from the father.

This, truly, is an uninviting and unlovely spectacle, this ex-Calvinism without God, without confidence, even in a thing so shadowy as the "indefinite perfectibility" of mankind, without even the filial affection of the noble-natured son for whom he had laboured so strenuously; unknown powers of evil all around, this life barely worth having, and the horizon a total blank:—

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
(Said then the lost Archangel,) "this the seat
That we must change for heaven? this mourn-
ful gloom
For that celestial light?"

Yet it would be unjust to James Mill were this our final word, or that we should use any phrase which might seem to express anything but commiseration for a creed which, due at first to reaction from a narrow and uninformed view of Christianity narrowly interpreted, was then, as

it were (as we read of rifled cannon) nailed down over him and shrunk upon him by an iron logic, heated white-hot in the fires of overwrought sensibility. A larger knowledge—we will venture to say it both of him and of his son—would have brought a sweeter faith. Yet, self-mutilated as he was by the narrowest scepticism ever accepted by an intelligent man, his ideal of virtue, within its limits, was high, his passion for the good of others strong, his love of what he held to be justice intense; and, so far as the book before us is evidence, he lived consistently for years in the spirit of his creed. We have been unsparing on its weak points. Let us do the heartier honour to that portion, both of his belief and his practice, in which latent Puritanism, imperfectly combined with Greek philosophy, in some degree saved him from himself.

Returning now to the main subject of our Paper, "I am one of the very few examples in this country," John Stuart Mill says, "of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it:" the reason of this being that "it would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's idea of duty, to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings respecting religion." Now we shall not contend, that, in acting thus, the father exceeded a parent's just rights. We shall not contend that, even on his own (or his son's) principles as a lover of freedom,* he directly infringed upon due liberty. But, arguing *à priori*, we do contend that by such a system, carried out with the rigidity of his ineradicable Puritanism, he did put the most effectual bar on the son's ever reaching a position whence he could make a fair, a philosophical, inquiry into this great subject. There are branches of human research in regard to which a child might be trained in absolute scepticism, yet which, in later life, he might be able to examine unfetteredly, whether for rejection or acceptance. Pure mathematics are an example. But this is, firstly, because the ground-principles here lie within a very small compass; and, secondly, because they lie also wholly beyond the bounds of the emotional side of our nature. Where the

conditions are reversed, no one upon whom throughout his whole period of growth and education the entire nothingness, indeed the entire wickedness, of any system of knowledge and practice had been enforced and reiterated, could have the slightest chance of effectually escaping from such early prepossessions, provided the pupil (through the rigour and ability of this system) could never emancipate himself from its general tenour. Had John Mill been trained to disbelieve and hate poetry, for example, would he have reached even the stunted growth of appreciation to which his father's comparative indifference to poetry, as we have shown, limited him? Yet how far simpler is the subject here! how far less involved with those sentiments and ideas which (intuitive or not) yet from first childhood necessarily inspire any religion, and Christianity beyond any other!

We hold therefore that, on all points wherein opinions upon religion enter into the formation of opinions upon other subjects, John Mill was, by his father's action, predestinated to permanent and involuntary adherence to his father's views. It must be remembered, also, that at fourteen he was at least as much advanced in education as others at twenty-two. That in the course of years he more or less studied this subject may be true; but, living always in a narrow circle of sympathizers, and dyed from childhood in the tints of ex-Calvinism, he never had one moment for free and independent investigation. Physiologists have pointed out that there is one portion of the eye which does not see, but of the existence of which we are, normally, wholly unconscious. Religion appears to us to have been the "blind spot" on the mind's retina of John Mill. There is no point upon which the despotic dominance of father, wife, and coterie left less free play to his individuality. His conclusions on this subject,—with all that large area of speculation which is coloured by a man's religious ideas, whether positive or negative,—are hence also deprived of their natural value:—an immense chasm in philosophy!

Those who agree with us that, in thus educating his son, James Mill might plead his convictions and his parental rights, will, however, probably not be disposed to extend the same indulgence to the silence which he enjoined on the son in regard to this part of his education, or to understand how such a reserve could be brought into consistency with his views,

* This point, however, which is one of those at which the deeper difficulties of the doctrines of "Liberty and Individuality" begin, with other points of a similar kind, is passed almost silently in the Essay. That eloquent book, for reasons presently to be noticed, has many pages in which sentiment, coloured by logic, is substituted for reasoned argument. Hence its popularity.

whether as Stoic, Epicurean, Cynic, or Utilitarian. In fact, Jesuitism, as commonly understood, is the only ethical code to which we can look for a similar doctrine. Leaving it to the conclusions to which it is open (which we may the more, because John Mill attempts only a partial justification), we may remark that his own reticence probably subverted considerably the father's earnest aim, that the son should follow him in the entire rejection of all religion. The son was silent on the point among devout and rational Christians, and could speak out only within the petty set who already agreed with him. John Mill (who seems to have been partially aware of the moral harm done by this "doctrine of reserve") argues that it would be much better if the avowal of scepticism were openly made. And it must indeed be a serious moral evil if, (as his contemptuous seclusion from his fellow-creatures led him to imagine,) a large "proportion of the world's highest ornaments, of those most distinguished for wisdom and virtue," are Jesuits without knowing it. But the results which he anticipates would follow from such an avowal exhibit only the credulity natural to a man almost monastic in his ignorance of mankind, and bred from the cradle to think his exquisitely narrow circle the "salt of the world," and the "representative men," of humanity. And it is only these circumstances, or the treacherous wish that is "father to the thought," which can palliate the curious extravagance of the statements on pp. 45, 46.

This *coterie* existence was one of the two determinant influences which (with his education) moulded John Mill for the rest of his life. The results of it show themselves curiously in the account of a residence in France, which followed the close of his regular home training in 1820. Almost the only foreign experience he has noted was the free and genial atmosphere, the elevated sentiment, the culture of the understanding through the feelings, of what he rather laxly terms Continental life (although his experience was limited to a few months' visit to an English family in the South of France, and a short stay in Paris), compared with "the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society." Of this he confesses that he was then ignorant, as indeed the career which we have sketched sufficiently proves. The inevitable inference is that it was the unconscious recollection of his own home which really provoked the con-

trast between the frank sociability and amiability of French personal intercourse, and the English mode of existence, "in which every body acts as if everybody else (with few or no exceptions) was either an enemy or a bore." A man must, at least, be very querulous or very ignorant who finds a true picture of the world around him in this acrid caricature, which is followed by a general attack on Englishmen as selfish, intellectually undeveloped beings, creatures reduced to a mere "negative existence," and the like. Whatever accents are audible here, assuredly are not those of philosophy.

As we shall not pursue Mill's life in detail, we may now notice that until his Parliamentary work, for a time, brought him a little "out of his shell," he persistently lived with a few—often a very few—sympathetic friends, dropping throughout all, so far as we can judge from the lists given, who dissented from his views; a process which, from the great change which occurred in them, involved proportionally liberal elimination. There is an element of strength in so doing; a man saves time, and his ideas become more concentrated, especially during youth; a *coterie* atmosphere has thus sometimes a tonic effect. But this atmosphere, in after life, breeds so many sources of weakness and narrowness that the popular opinion, which treats *coterie* existence as an equivalent to a "mutual admiration society," and essentially ruinous in its ultimate effects, has been rarely disproved. It was a very sad thing that at no time does it appear ever to have occurred to Mill, or to his father, that they were not really sitting "on a hill retired," or "mount of speculation," whence they could "survey mankind" with dispassionate and philosophical clearness, but only moving in a very narrow world of their own, where little of the real thoughts and ways of the profane vulgar (especially the aristocrat and the priest) could reach them, except through the highly rarefied medium of "analysis." Mill's views upon the life and the characteristics of his countrymen, betray throughout that they have been "generated in his inner consciousness." They are essentially identical with those which have often proceeded from monastic seclusion; they are, in part, the persistent leaven of a sour Puritanism; in part, the reflex of the social position which Mill chose to take up. Hence, when we read (as, indeed we have often read before in third-class novels) that

"general society, as now carried on in England, is so insipid an affair, even to the persons who make it what it is, that it is kept up for any reason rather than the pleasure it affords," &c. (p. 227); whilst it cannot be denied that such exceptions may occur, the substantial feeling aroused by this and similar diatribes against "society" is that the Mills were never, so far as we learn, in the least degree in it. This, however, is no impediment to the workings of the "inner consciousness," and the fatal results of being in society are copiously set forth in the style which may be leniently described as "limpid exaggeration," and with just the degree of accuracy which might be expected. Then follows a solemn announcement: "A person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society" (that is, as just defined, society in general) "unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects who can safely enter it at all."

O weakness of the great! O folly of the wise!

These are the accents of that bilious exclusiveness by which, more than anything else, Bentham and his early friends prevented the world from doing justice to their merits. But gratitude to Mill for intellectual service, and consideration of the circumstances of his life, may exempt the passage from comments which can, indeed, be safely left to any reader of average ability, and average knowledge of mankind.

It is wisdom in those who are honestly ready to confess national faults, to show where we may learn to correct them. And we may justly allow a stronger sensitiveness upon the point to a philosophic thinker. But depreciation of this character, expressing itself rather in bland sneering than in reasoned criticism, is generally accompanied by a one-sided and declamatory counter-eulogy of things foreign, than which there can be no surer sign of a weak place in the intellect. Accordingly, Mill's earlier writings (for in the latter an impartial uniformity of dissatisfaction is perceptible) lose no chance of reading Englishmen lessons in that tone which, unfortunately, is the least adapted to make them listen to their own advantage. Thus, in his paper on Alfred de Vigny (1838), whilst dwelling on the brilliant outburst of literature which marked France for some years (now, as we see, only too brief) after 1825, he half misses the true historical significance of

that movement, in order to cry, "worldly advancement, or religion, are an Englishman's real interests" (p. 290), whilst from the following paragraphs we are to infer that. Politics, as "the pursuit of social well-being," with the "love of beauty and of imaginative emotion," are the counter-characteristics of the Continent. What perilous assumption there is in these half-truths! How sadly they read when we think of French literature (for France here stands with Mill for "the Continent") during the last fifteen years! Even M. de Vigny's creditable novel, "Cinq-Mars," he cannot praise without an idle sneer at Scott, the creator of the "historical school" in romance, who had "no object but to please," and therefore, we may add, wrote masterpieces where M. de Vigny and other able Frenchmen wrote only meritorious attempts at romance. Again, in the sketch of Armand Carrel (1837), whilst praising justly, though not always discriminately, the great historical writers whom France was then producing, he concludes:—

We may notice here, as an example of the superiority of French historical literature to ours, that, of the most interesting period in the English annals, the period of the Stuarts, France has produced, within a very few years too, the best, the second-best, and the third-best history. The best is this of Carrel; the second-best is the unfinished work of M. Guizot. (P. 239.)

This tone of arrogant and imperfect generalization might be good as journalism, but is equally bad as criticism. Compare the terms in which a real master of the subject describes the same fact:—

I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the work of a distinguished foreigner, M. Guizot, "*Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*." I am much disposed to believe that if the rest of his present undertaking shall be completed in as satisfactory a manner as the first volume, he will be entitled to the preference above any one, perhaps, of our native writers, as a guide through the great period of the seventeenth century.*

The leading feature in Mill's life, as portrayed by himself, is that the eloquent apostle of Liberty and Individuality was

* Preface to Hallam's "Constitutional History." This was published in 1827, and the book had reached at least three editions before 1836. But Hallam (with the other writers, who, contemporaneously with the French, introduced larger methods into the investigation of English history), is never to our remembrance, named by Mill. "The dog was a Whig,"—the pet aversion of Benthamites. Such is the natural result when a man of naturally wide mind consents to imprison himself in a narrow circle.

as completely and persistently moulded by others as ever woman was by priest. Enough has been said for the present on his education and his *coterie* existence. We shall now trace the third influence (also one of the external order)—his early practice as a journalist; whilst at the same time we may continue the review of his general career, which, owing to his education and his natural gifts (it must be remembered always), began at an age which to his coevals was mere boyhood. The years up to twenty or thereabouts he defines as the "last stage of education, and first of self-education," speaking of them also as the period of his "sectarianism." This may, we think, be correctly described as rigorous adherence to Bentham, or "Utilitarianism," a name which Mill claims to have brought into use. Living wholly with those who pretty nearly conformed to this banner, fortifying and developing his views by friendly debate (a method of intellectual advance which he justly valued much), it was now natural that he should begin authorship himself. From sixteen to two-and-twenty, he accordingly wrote copiously in newspapers and reviews; an employment for which his official post in the India House, obtained in 1823, left him sufficient leisure. From his work there he became "practically conversant with the necessities of compromise:" he learned to be pleased when he could have the smallest part of his own way; even "to bear with complete equanimity the being overruled altogether." And all this—although many will perhaps dispute it—was very largely true of the man: to the speculative writer, of course, he would not himself have applied it. But the other influence was, we think, by far the most powerful. What is the ideal of the journalist? Not, to see the good of all sides, but to see all good on one: not, to convince the mistaken, but to deepen the convictions of the convinced: not, to give reason and emotion their due, but carefully distinguished, places in argument, but to impassion reason, and to dress feeling in the forms of logic: not to produce lasting belief by exhaustive marshalling of facts, but by massing together leading facts, to give the electric shock of a moment. On the other hand, so far as he can compass it, the first duty of the philosopher or historian is to be absolutely fair—to be wholly accurate. One exception omitted, one incorrectness allowed, may vitiate his case. In a brilliant leading article, if nine-tenths be

true, editor and readers may be justly satisfied. The one-tenth less true will be a flaw in a general argument, an awkward fact for the other side—a something, in short, which must be passed for the sake of the first and last thing in journalism, the interests of your party. We admit these evils gladly, as it is generally accepted that they are far outweighed by the benefits of independent journalism, the very theory of which, indeed, renders them inevitable. But it is clear that this temper, these methods, are not only different from those which should mark the philosophic writer, but antagonistic to them.

Now when we add to this that the journalizing habit is, of all literary habits, the one which most deeply enters into a writer, and that Mill began journalism at sixteen, it will, perhaps, be generally admitted that we should be justified in expecting to find the traces of that habit stamped deeply on his literary work. It will be least seen in his "Logic;" but it will enter his "Political Economy," and will be, more or less, a constantly pervasive element in those essays and occasional tracts which, in their form and substance, approach journalism. And we have the strongest conviction that this will be found so. Reverting to the characteristics of journalism—sentiment in logical guise dictated the chapter in the "Political Economy" on peasant property. The premise that all truth is on his side secretly underlies the reviews of Sedgwick and Whewell; they are not consciously unfair—a thing, we judge, thoroughly alien from John Mill's nature; they are patently and ably one-sided. When the journalistic impulse was partly spent, another influence, distorting in other ways, came in; and the essay on "Liberty" contains some pages of sublime caricature, and some arguments in which sentiment plays the part of reason.

The long cry for originality of life and character, though doubtless in part representing the unconscious yearnings experienced by a very able man, who felt that he was deficient in original power, surely goes beyond reasonable bounds in its passionate iteration: the main elements of modern advance are successively arraigned in a spirit which, in other writers, would be held reactionary; and even the People, the watchword of earlier Benthamism, appear now under the disagreeable *alias* of "that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public" (p. 40). In short, as

we hold that the element of poetry, deficient in Mill's education, although supplied later to the best of his ability, yet never became truly homogeneous with his nature, so it seems that the over-stress laid, when young, upon logic and "analysis," and felt by his natural sensitiveness to require supplement, was also imperfectly supplied by the journalistic habit of thought and writing. In contrast to the rigorous theory of Benthamism,* there is a strong declamatory vein throughout his work; and the declamation and sentiment are often not fused with his logic, but, as it were, suspended in it mechanically. We do not know whether the experience of other readers will support ours, that his writings generally promise more completeness, more coherency, than they possess. But, if this be acknowledged, it may probably be referred to the causes just specified.

After some account of the foundation of the "Westminster Review" (wherein the feeling of repulsion, excited by association with Sir John Bowring, is the most amusing feature), the narrative tells of a crisis, probably as much physical as mental, through which the writer now (1826) passed. Briefly it may be described as a fit of scepticism on the genuineness of his own love of excellence and human-kind; a sense, in Pascal's phrase, "that it is the battle which delights man, not the victory." Much might be said on this crisis in relation to Mill's education; but we hold it neither wise nor delicate to attempt to interpret the inward struggles of a man so largely gifted, and so narrowly trained. Whatever may have been the cause, the self-confidence of early Utilitarianism, the tone of the anticipated triumph of philosophy, disappeared. It ended in Mill's adopting a new theory of life, wherein the "indirect aim" at personal happiness was to be substituted for the direct, as astronomers look askance at any small star they wish to see; the one serious hope on the mind's horizon, amid the general gloom and "dissatisfaction with life and the world," from which Mill was never free, being that anticipation of "the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed" (p. 148) — that unproved and unprovable dream of human advance and perfectibility, to which he clung with the fond and touch-

ing confidence which, in our time, has led some to predict the day of approaching millennium. A well-known French sceptic, wise in his generation, said once, "If there be no God, we must invent one." And so Mill could not quite dispense with a future, even though it were but the mocking mirage created by his own "desiring fantasy:" — that pet hallucination of those who have advanced beyond any other Hereafter. Here, too, much might be said: let us rather turn our eyes from so poor and narrow a foundation for life with thankfulness to the compensations which human nature finds for men of the nobler stamp, against their own best theories and convictions. In his intellectual pursuits, in his unceasing struggles to benefit others in the only ways open to him, Mill found some of these compensations. Yet the tenour of the life, thus unflinchingly revealed, must be pronounced starved and gloomy, even by those whose life is also horizonless; how much more by others! But whilst they have no feeling but the profoundest pity for one who, when he might have been rich, was half "predestinated" to poverty, half elected it, they will remember that few, comparatively, are the lives, if revealed with equal unflinchingness, in which this portion of the soul's existence would not be overshadowed. *Humanum passus est.*

It was at this time that the meaning of poetry first, as we have before noticed, awoke in Mill's mind, and Wordsworth exerted over him the sanative influence which it was that great poet's hope that his work would exercise. Mill expresses his gratitude for this, and seems to think that he had not only gained much from Wordsworth, but had sympathetically comprehended him. On this point we have already touched, and it is enough to remark that the criticism which follows is fatal to Mill's pretensions. When he pronounces Wordsworth "the poet of unpoetical natures," it is only his own (enforced) want of insight into poetry which he reveals. Here, as elsewhere, what he finds wanting in others is only the unconscious reflection of his own mental limitations.

Mill's admiration for Wordsworth was, however, sufficiently deep to occasion a split between him and a friend whose name we are certainly not accustomed to associate with philosophical ideas — Mr. Roebuck. In fact, Mill (as we have observed) successively dropped all friends, as a rule, who diverged from his own

* "I conceive that the description so often given of a Benthamite as a mere reasoning machine . . . was during two or three years of my life not altogether untrue of me." — *Autobiography*, p. 109.

views. Like the father, "his aversion to many intellectual errors partook, in a certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling" (p. 50). This *coterie* habit of mind of course prevented an acquaintance with Mr. Frederick Maurice, now formed, from becoming friendship. Of that excellent and able man Mill draws a character which, unintentionally, approaches caricature more than anything else of the kind in the volume. Maurice, in truth, exposed him to a painful dilemma. Rating his intellectual power as above Coleridge's Mill can only explain the singular problem of Maurice's devout adherence to Christianity by ascribing it to "timidity of conscience." We can hardly imagine any charge further, we might say notoriously further, from the fact; but the praise which Mill presently gives to the "moral courage" of Mr. Sterling, Maurice's brilliant and flashy contemporary, throws some light on the ground of this misconception. A more elaborate picture of Carlyle follows. In drawing this, Mill—with that truthful personal modesty which, contrasting with the *impersonal* assumption of infallibilist dogmatic elevation, gives the book so singular a charm—uses the phrase, "I felt that he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not." And, without entering further into the subject, we think that the gallery of characters which he has here given amply confirms the latter assertion.

It remains now to recount briefly the changes in Mill's philosophy which mark his later life. Emancipation from the father's general method and programme was not, indeed, desired, even had it been possible. That iron had entered too deeply into his soul. Had John Mill been a great thinker in the strict sense of the term, creative and original, like Plato or Locke, these changes might have been far deeper, far more fruitful. Such a thinker, by his own avowal (p. 242), he was not; yet the changes revealed by the "Autobiography," as was inevitable to a mind so gifted and so well stored, were great—greater, perhaps, than most readers had imagined. Cramped by the father, stimulated into morbid growth by the wife, dried up and enervated by the vitiated air of the *coterie*, the tree must have had much primary vigour to yield the fruits which it nevertheless succeeded in producing.

It is remarkable how small a part German thought and research play in Mill's development. True to the law which, in

his case, eminently made the child "father to the man" (that inversion of natural order), he received from France his first great transitional impulse. Justly dissatisfied with the narrow logical scheme set forth in his father's "Essay on Government," instead of searching for a scheme wider in its premises and more truly logical in its method, he was allured by the contemporary outburst of political theory in France into the direction of sentimental speculation. These theories, eminently characteristic of the French mind at once in its strength and its weakness, have now proved to be, what sane thinkers from the first held them, valuable as suggestions, as "*aperçus*," valueless as consistent systems of philosophy.* But, in 1830, it was natural that the "St. Simonian school," with Auguste Comte in his first stage, should exercise over Mill, being such a man as we have seen, a fascination which, he afterwards saw, was discredited by their own later developments: although the "evil seed" of sentimentalism, disguised under "humanitarian" forms, was never henceforth eradicated from his own mind.

More than most men (it has been noted) Mill was formed by circumstances, including, under the word, external pressure from books and from persons. This fact, which he records of himself more than once, was due, doubtless, as he seems to have felt, to his want of predominant originality, combined with a powerful and highly active mind. We have seen how much the three great external influences,—his education, his newspaper writing, and his *coterie* life, moulded him. Why, it may then be asked, do not we assign a separate and superior place to the influence which Mill himself held immeasurably the deepest and the most valuable,—that of the lady, whom, after many years of friendship, he married on her first husband's death? Partly, because we have included it under *coterie* influence, as in fact, whilst this union lasted, and especially during the latter years of it, Mill lived in a narrower circle than ever: partly because we find it impossible to accept the inspiring, controlling, and strengthening position which, in regard to himself, Mill ascribes to her.

* St. Simonianism, having given birth to Socialism, as a system, we apprehend, is wholly dead. M. Littré remains the one man of ability who represents Comte. We shall not care if this assertion is contradicted on the part of Anglo-Comtism—its pretensions considered, the most imbecile of those imbecile sects, political, moral, and æsthetic, which the corruption of France has, during late years, generated in England.

He has drawn her picture here and elsewhere, at great length, with little felicity of phrase, but with a warmth and plenitude of eulogy such as many husbands would, indeed, readily give to the memory of a perfect wife, but which is generally withheld from the world in accordance with a rule, the wisdom of which is not likely to be diminished in the eyes of those who read this "Autobiography."

Respect and tenderness to the dead render us reluctant to dwell on this whole phase of Mill's life; * but he has made the friend and wife so prominent a feature in the history of what he believed to be his own mental growth under her auspices, that a few words must be added. We excuse the transports with which a lover paints his mistress in a lyric:—

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling!

But "weakness," the French apophthegm says, "begins with exaggeration," and it is impossible not to feel the presence of both, when we find, not poetry with her license, but plain prose assigning every contrasted gift and grace, every moral and intellectual eminence, and all in the most eminent degree, even to one so fondly loved, and deplored so profoundly. Here, again, we are compelled to trace that uneven balance between the functions of head and heart which was the result of Mill's education, and of the scheme of life which grew from it. It is the Nemesis of the Affections, long enthralled by a cold philosophy and a horizonless creed. Man must "love that much which he must lose," and that without hope, "ere long." And the bow, overstrained in youth, well nigh breaks in the inevitable reaction.

No reasonable person will doubt that there was something,—some will think that there was much,—which answered to Mill's eulogy. This we can partly test by the Essay on the Enfranchisement of Women, reprinted in the "Dissertations" with a preface, assigning its authorship to this lady.

* A protest, however, must be made against the doctrine enunciated on p. 229, that "we did not consider the ordinances of society binding on a subject so entirely personal," as "our relation to each other," before Mr. Taylor's death. Admitting that the phrase may have been left unguarded through oversight or conciseness, we must acknowledge that the doctrine, as stated, might logically be pleaded as a justification for breaches of public law which we should regret to think that Mill justified, and for vicious excesses, which we are sure that he would have energetically condemned.

So elevated was the general level of her faculties, that the highest poetry, philosophy, oratory, or art seemed trivial by the side of her, and equal only to expressing some small part of her mind. And there is no one of these modes of manifestation in which she could not easily have taken the highest rank. . . . I venture to prophesy that, if mankind continue to improve, their spiritual history for ages to come will be the progressive working out of her thoughts and realization of her conceptions.

Having read this, and put it out of his mind, let the reader turn to the essay; and even if he should approve its general tenour, we are satisfied that he will find it at once the most instructive and the most ironical comment upon the preface imaginable. The most that can be said, is that it is a respectable parody of Mill's worst style. Feebler arguments and more pompous words have rarely come together.

Meanwhile the French revolution of 1830, and the Reform movement in England, drew Mill for a while more into politics, and for some years he wrote frequently in the newspapers. But his hope that a strong party of "philosophic Radicals" would now be formed was disappointed; neither the men nor the season were forthcoming. He modestly tells the only practical successes which he could claim: the advocacy of Lord Durham, which contributed to the establishment of the doctrine of colonial self-government; and the popularization of Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution"—a book which, by its picturesqueness of style and total want of historical idea, has more than any other been an obstacle in England towards a true understanding of the events which it professes to narrate.

Withdrawing hence even more from his fellow-creatures (p. 229), and set free—the phrase is not too strong—by his father's death (1836) to say what he thought, the influence of his highly-honoured companion, he tells us, became more dominant; his early Benthamism now seemed "sectarian" in his eyes, and the "heretical" side of his opinions, (it is his own word,) decidedly took the lead.

A democrat throughout, in the "sectarian" period he had been satisfied to mitigate social inequality "by getting rid of primogeniture and entails." To go further "I then reckoned chimerical, and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable." But in the "heretical" period these ideas advanced in a

manner which, during the life of James Mill, the "*vultus instantis tyranni*" would have rigorously silenced. "Our idea of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialists." And Mill then proceeds, in some pages which are in every way interesting and instructive, to paint that mirage of indefinite human perfectibility which was the sole and ever-receding horizon on the desert which life presented. Selfishness, it may perhaps be summarized, is to be cast out by self. Human nature is to achieve its own perfection.

It is natural to ask by what means this millennium of the philosopher will be reached? Where is the leverage with which Mr. and Mrs. Mill proposed that the world should be moved? In early days, Mill's answer, if not convincing, would have been clear. Advance and perfection would then have depended upon the exact proportion in which the truths of Utilitarianism and the Association Philosophy had possessed mankind. But we must confess, with regret, that the later solution, as presented in the pages before us (231-4), is by no means so definite. The argument, like many of those written under the female influence to which Mill accorded so much, with the greatest air of scientific clearness and logical accuracy, contains nothing more than the identical proposition which it seemingly undertook to demonstrate. That men may be trained to prefer public good to private; that they may learn to love their neighbours better than themselves; that, in short, selfishness (as we have said) may be cast out by self, when mankind is willing to perform this great act of renunciation, is all that we can here find presented to us. The one and only hope which the Mills had reserved for the future, the sole spot which brightened on their cheerless horizon, is no more than this! To no more definite or practical issue came at last the most advanced thoughts of one whom the cruel folly of partisanship numbers among the world's most advanced thinkers! Injurious and limited in many ways, as we hold Mill's philosophy to have been, these pages show that we confess our gratitude to him for much of high value. But this recognition binds us, at the same time, to lay bare without remorse the barren places in the system. If partisans resent the exposure, they should have committed to the flames the suicidal pages of the "Autobiography."

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If then to the influence which governed Mill's later life, as his father's had governed the earlier, we correctly trace those lines of thought and sentiment which we think all but a very small party of thinkers, "advanced" beyond the reach of thought itself, would hold to be the points where he is weakest, that elevation of aim in which he rarely fails, (and if he does fail, unconsciously and under impulse for good,) may be also, in part, ascribed to the same influence. But the pages which precede and follow those just mentioned (227-9, 238-9), are in the worst manner of what we have called the journalistic spirit. We have here the tirade against "society" (already quoted), and which, we now can see, probably is in a degree the unconscious reflection of that isolated state in which he had placed himself—with contemptuous diatribes against the English public, and assumptions in regard to "the philosophic minds of the world," in a style which would be as effective in a leading article as it is antagonistic to scientific thought. And even when describing the production of his two great works, the "Logic" (1839) and the "Political Economy" (1847), it is the polemical side upon which Mill here dwells. He speaks with admirable modesty of the value of his "Logic" as a treatise. But what interests him in the retrospect is, that it is a protest in favour of the "Experience" theory, to the antagonist of which he ascribes endless moral evils. Similarly, his rapid advance towards Socialistic doctrines is prominent in his notice of the "Political Economy." But his emancipation from "sectarianism" is not complete before the date of his essays on "Liberty" and the "Subjection of Women."

It is in these works that the logical framework is most strongly contrasted with the journalistic tone and the emotional character of the materials. We do not mean that they are devoid of much forcible argument, to which the writer's passionate impulse lends additional force. But there is also much wherein the opposing tendencies are confused and antagonistic; where exaggerated feeling disguises itself as fact, where the forms of argument veil the weak places in the reasoning, or the loud declamation of logic drowns the cry of natural instinct. Reason and emotion, like water and oil, are powerfully frothed together, not amalgamated; the ineradicable one-sidedness of Mill's education is not really supplemented by the efforts of his later reaction.

He changes one "sectarianism" for another: and we know no writer to whom opinions, which in truth reflect his own personal and private sentiments, have so uniformly presented themselves as founded upon general principles.

These phenomena, which the "Autobiography" now displays and justifies, raise a grave question (which may be diffidently suggested) as to the probable duration and effect of Mill's writings. We have only attempted, here, to view them in relation to his life. But this analysis seems to furnish some remarkable presumptions against the vitality of books which, more or less, and with full acknowledgment of their conspicuous ability, might be defined as too emotional for the scientific reader, and too severe for the sentimental.*

A very few words remain for summary. Our aim in this paper has been to judge Mill by himself, with the least possible criticism, in cases where we dissent, based upon premises which, however secure, we are unable here to exhibit. This method of judging relieves us also, in some degree, from the diffidence with which any attempt to examine the life and the mind before us must be accompanied. Adequately to value the "Logic," the "Political Economy," the "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy," may require a mind equal to their author's in intellectual stature. We have here been concerned only with the picture which he has himself drawn, and with his works so far as they illustrate it. If that picture shows a man far less governed by "pure reason," far more impelled by sentiment passing into morbid excess from its own intensity than many will have expected; if the mind emancipated from early logical narrowness revels too freely in a realm of vague possibilities and speculative tendencies, exultingly glorifying Liberty and Individuality rather as ends than as means; if the gray tone of the life suggests that Mill's philosophy threw away more happiness than it insured;—if, in short, we see "the engineer" sometimes "hoist with his own petard;"—the author's unflinching honesty, whilst rejecting them for himself, would allow us to draw conclusions which we hold to be strictly contained in the evidence.

Genius generally implies sensitiveness accompanying originality. Mill, compara-

tively deficient in originality, was swayed the more by sensitiveness. He speaks of his mind as one "which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn either from its own thoughts or those of others." But it is the immensely preponderant impulse of others with which the "Autobiography" most impresses us. That rigidity, that dogmatic habit, which have struck many as characteristic of Mill, we are convinced came from no natural bias, but were the result of the father's "mandat impératif." He has probably overrated the value of the wife's influence; of its dominance there can be no doubt. From his father he held that Hellenized Puritanism which formed his first ethical creed; from the wife that sentimentalism, often noble, but often one-sided and over-ruling, which impairs his ultimate power over us as philosopher, while it brings him nearer to us as man. But he remains to the close a type of consistent inconsistency. The wisdom of love never becomes one with the love of wisdom.

External influences, such as these, may bring opposite and mutually-supplementary tendencies into mechanical juxtaposition within the soul; they can never supply that vital fusion, that chemical interpenetration which comes only from the spontaneous work of the soul itself. The struggle, energetic yet ineffectual, to render his opinions homogeneous, to attain unity, is the feature which, finally, most strikes us in Mill. The latter part of the life is a kind of protest against the former, from which, however, he can never essentially free himself. The spell of the ruinous *coterie* life, of contempt for the common ways of men, and especially of Englishmen, which characterized the dour ex-Calvinist, hung over his son to the end. He approached new problems and new ideas from the old narrow standing-ground. He is like a traveller who, pressing bravely on, and nobly ambitious to master the glorious heights which unfold themselves by glimpses before him, is yet never able to lift himself from the deep and iron-bound valley within which his journey began.

What a singular picture is this! What contrasts in a life externally so uniform! How "antithetically mix'd" is the nature before us! The passionate lover of Freedom and Individuality,—yet, more than any man we know of similar power, the creature of external circumstance:—vibrating simultaneously, like a sensitive flame, to the impulses of scepticism

* If these considerations be true, Mill's writings are eminently unsuitable for use as University text-books. From nineteen to three-and-twenty is precisely the age at which passion does not require the additional force gained from its presentation under the disguise of logic.

and credulity, of liberality and intolerance:—from the first day to the last, labouring for, sympathizing with, yet rancorously despising and alienating himself from, his fellow-countrymen:—a something dishuman in the very heart of his humanity, and a something anarchic in the sternness of his morality:—truly lovable, yet almost without the charm of love:—at the same time an iconoclast and an idolater:—modest beneath the tones of dogmatic arrogance, rigid in form and pliable in material:—at once a warning to his friends and an example to his antagonists!

Such are some of the paradoxes of heart and head which this remarkable book presents. The "process of the suns," the causes already indicated, the development of the sciences to which Mill devoted his greatest works, may perhaps efface them at no distant period. But the character partially revealed in the pages of the "Autobiography," as a problem and a lesson, will long retain its hold upon the students of human nature.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MRS. GASKELL AND HER NOVELS.

BETWEEN Aphra Behn and Mrs. Gaskell there is a great gulf fixed: indeed the two names are only mentioned in juxtaposition for the purpose of illustrating the very remarkable point that in the inception and culmination of the modern novel, woman has borne even a more prominent part than man. Objectionable as are the pictures of life which the first-mentioned author has left us, it is significant that her writing stands out sharp and clear from the mass of contemporary compositions. That peculiar truthfulness, or *vraisemblance*, which the female intellect seems to be most successful in producing, belonged to her. And though her novels and those of her immediate successor and imitator are largely of that class in which "the male characters are in the highest degree licentious, and the females as impassioned as the Saracen princesses in the Spanish romances of chivalry," there is still sufficient individuality about them to earn for Mrs. Behn the position of the first writer of modern fiction of any note. From her age to the present the tide of imaginative writing has rapidly progressed, gathering strength with all the movements of practical science, which have not been with-

out influence or moulding power upon it. It would form a curious, if almost impossible, speculation whether on the whole the rapid growth of the novel has been to the service or to the detriment of humanity. Undoubtedly, that liberty of uncensored printing, for which Milton earnestly wrought, has been of essential benefit when looked at in its broadest effects; but when we come to consider the rills of impurity which have flowed from the mighty stream, we see that the blessing has been far from unalloyed. How much there has been, nay, is there now, in this nineteenth century, which might well be spared! Fortunately, Lethe is a good deep river, and we can drink in its waters forgetfulness and oblivion to all that is unworthy in literature, if we cannot entirely blot it out of existence for the benefit of succeeding generations.

It may be assumed as a position from which none will desire to force us, that the novel will always retain its place, and that one of considerable importance, as long as literature itself lasts. The newspaper may eventually prove a formidable competitor with it amongst certain classes of the community, if changes which have apparently been impending in its construction recently are matured, but it can never entirely supersede the charm of fiction. The novel, having for its basis allegorical representation, which has from the earliest ages been the greatest teacher in the universe, will have assured to it an influence beyond the possibility of decay. Subject to modification in accordance with the taste and demands of successive epochs, we may expect it to be; it might even merge again into some form of the drama, from which it originally sprang; but, as a fact, it will remain, and one to be considered in any estimate and acknowledgment of the intellectual and moral forces of the time. At the present day the novel stands higher in purity than it ever did; as regards quality, too, the most illustrious names which are to be found in its annals are those which have shed splendour over the past fifty years. Ease of reproduction, of course, has let in aspirants whose work is of inferior mark; but with the greater good in this matter, as in all others, we must be content to endure the lesser evil. And here arises the value of the critic—viz. in the development of the faculty of electricity, which he is called upon to exercise, by virtue of his office, for the benefit of mankind. With the spread of a healthier and sounder criticism we may ex-

pect a substantial improvement in the manifestation of the art of fiction.

The career of Mrs. Gaskell, whose works, in the course of their issue, probably delighted as numerous a body of readers as have fallen to the lot of any modern author (with one or two well-known exceptions), was diversified by little incident of a striking character. Indeed, were it not for a few facts which we are privileged to make known, her biography in all its essential features could be written in a few sentences. Her life was one of those which furnish the best evidence that woman is frequently fitted to accomplish greater work than that which is usually assigned to her sex; whilst at the same time Mrs. Gaskell lacked none of those virtues which make home "the earthly paradise." We have had several illustrious examples of women who never allowed their literary work to trench upon their domestic duties, conspicuous amongst these being the late Mrs. Somerville, and to the number must be added Mrs. Gaskell. No matter how eager she was to complete ventures which she had in hand, and which, as literary offspring always are, were exceedingly dear to her, it is interesting to know that she was much prouder of ruling her household well, which she did in the most admirable manner, than of all that she did in those writings which have made her name so justly popular. It is said that she had a peculiar tact in training her servants—a matter which baffles too many of our directors of households, and in which the practical advice of such a woman would have been of the most eminent service. But even a cursory perusal of her works will show that Mrs. Gaskell must have deeply studied most of the questions affecting her sex, that of female labour being perhaps the most paramount. Her sympathies were quick and ready; and from the peculiar position in which she was placed and the persons amongst whom she moved, she had every opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the toiling, suffering operatives of the North of England. Scene after scene in her novels demonstrate that it was no superficial knowledge she gained, or was content to make use of, in her study of operative and other life. The keenest anguish such a nature as hers could feel would arise from the fact that she could do so little in the way of actual amelioration of the condition of the factory girls she saw dying around her. Except by

the aid of personal observation, no adequate idea could be formed of the disastrous nature of the daily life of what are called "mill hands" in the North of England, at the commencement of the present century, and through many of its earlier years. It is, of course, quite possible to believe that men are far from having done all that lies in their power yet to make the condition of the operatives what it should be; but it cannot be doubted that, owing to the earnest efforts of Mrs. Gaskell and others imbued with the same spirit, a very great and praiseworthy reform has been accomplished. In addition, also, to this physical improvement, which after all is only one branch of a great question, there has been a greater *rapprochement* between employers and employed than was formerly the case. To this end the mental labours of the author of *Mary Barton* must have largely conduced in an indirect manner. She was able to write somewhat authoritatively from the conviction that she had conscientiously studied both sides of the question. The sorrows of the poor workpeople she knew; the too often arrogant bearing of the masters she had ample opportunities for studying; and the knowledge acquired in both ways she was most successful in turning to account. If, occasionally, her sympathies seem to lean to one side, we can on the other hand never charge her with unfairness in omitting to state the arguments on the other. While alive with sympathy, her books are at the same time models of candour and judgment.

Mrs. Gaskell was born in 1822, and died in 1865, having in her short life accomplished a great amount of work, most of which is calculated to stand successfully the test of time. Her father was Mr. William Stevenson, who is spoken of in the *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1830 as "a man remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed, and for the modesty and simplicity by which his rare attainments were concealed." These excellent qualities descended, in a very marked degree, to his daughter. But it was not alone on the father's side that intellect was exhibited, for Mrs. Gaskell's mother was a Miss Holland, of Sandlebridge, Cheshire—an aunt of the late Sir Henry Holland. Amongst other characteristics of the novelist was this, that she was remarkably sensitive to blame, caring comparatively little for praise. She generally

went abroad when a new work of hers was about to appear, in order that she might be out of the way of the criticisms which should be passed upon it. Her first appearance as an author was in William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*. It appears that on seeing an announcement of the original production of that work, she wrote an account of Clopton Hall, which immediately attracted considerable attention, and was spoken of as a graphic paper, exhibiting great powers of description; the reception this article met with gave an impetus to her desire for literary work, and from that time forward her pen was never idle. The beautiful lines written by Walter Savage Landor, "To the Author of *Mary Barton*," will not be forgotten. They appear in his *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, and are a genuine tribute from one worker in literature to another. Mrs. Gaskell was married to a kindred and sympathetic spirit, a Unitarian minister, of literary attainments, still resident in the great centre of business activity in which she spent so many years of her life.

In attempting to form a judgment upon the works of Mrs. Gaskell, it will be only just to her powers to take up those novels which mark off certain epochs in her literary career — no author having yet written whose work did not exhibit at various stages the influence of personal experience. As years pass by, those things which seemed of moment to a writer when in the flush of youth fall into comparative insignificance, whilst those for which a carelessness, or even mild contempt, was cherished come to the front, and are seen to be invested with an importance which at one time would have been inconceivable. Take the work of any man of first-rate genius. That of the early stage will be remarkable for redundancy of colour, that is, the flower of talent; look at the later, and whilst it shall not have lost the old fire and passion, it will be powerfully quiet. Genius will have matured, and its culminating beauty will be perceived in rich ripe fruit. It is interesting to watch such growth and such fruition, and we are not of those who are discontented with the first stage when we have reached the second. With infinite tenderness we can sometimes turn back to the early wealth of genius which we have admired, and can find more satisfaction in the comparison and enjoyment of the two styles than we should ever have enjoyed had there been the same level field of excellence always offered to

us. The charge of crudity we can condone when the gifts of the writer are undoubted. We know that when he has time to mature, he will emerge from the defective condition in which he lies; his wings will become stronger gradually, and we shall not be disappointed in the expectations which we have cherished. Sad, indeed, should we be to lose the first works of those brilliant authors whose genius has illumined again and again the dark periods of our national literature.

The several stages of our author's career may be said to be marked by three of her works, though the lines of demarcation in her case are not so apparent as in most writers; for she appears in her first widely-known work to have attained a power of expression very rarely witnessed in the maturest efforts of those of her order. Still, were we expected to define clearly the various stages of progress which she has attained — or rather to note the influence of time in ripening her gifts — we should direct attention to the first, the middle, and the final stage of her genius — into each of which divisions we should be able, we imagine, to classify her work. The novel which first fixed public attention, and which belongs to the first stage, was *Mary Barton*; that which marks the second is *Sylvia's Lovers*; and that illustrative of the third is *Wives and Daughters*. Each of these works presents considerable points of difference, while they are all at the same time stamped by the genuine impress of genius. Several others could be cited, which for particular qualities may even be superior to those named; but they do not so decisively show Mrs. Gaskell at her best, or her pen animated by the varied charms which these books individually and indisputably discover. The charge has been made that Mrs. Gaskell was but a member of "that school of novelists which her friend Charlotte Brontë inaugurated;" but after a careful study, and possessing a somewhat intimate acquaintance with all that the two have accomplished, we are bound to say that the charge appears to us to have no foundation. In fact, there is a considerable difference in method, as there was a considerable difference in gifts, between the two. The only grounds for the comparison which has been made are these — that the two have successfully dealt with certain phases of Northern English life, and that both, perhaps, have been most successful in their delineation

of female character. These are the ostensible grounds assigned. But note the differences. Charlotte Brontë, while possessing, undoubtedly we think, the greater genius, exhibited a much narrower range than Mrs. Gaskell. Such characters as have established the fame of the former are but few in number, though they stand out from the canvas with a Rembrandt-like effect, compelling one to own that we are conversing with real flesh and blood—heroes and heroines drawn because of the circulation of their own blood, and not for the “circulation” of the libraries alone. This is the quality which made the slight, pale country girl famous almost against her will. Again: her men are as powerful as her women—at least in most cases this is so; so that is not just to assert that she is principally distinguished for her portraiture of her own sex. But that quality which chiefly marks her off from Mrs. Gaskell is her intensity, and any one reading her various enthralling books will acknowledge that this is unmistakable. Mrs. Gaskell, too, is realistic and intense to a great degree; but this quality, which seems reserved for almost the very highest kinds of genius in its fullest manifestation, is veiled in her by a general excellence which the other did not possess. The modes of life pursued by the two may have had some influence on the development of their talent. The author of *Jane Eyre*, far away on those melancholy Yorkshire moors, asked for nothing but solitude, save that dozen or score of characters with whom she acquired close fellowship, and whom she has rendered immortal. She individualized even the very stones and the trees about her. Mrs. Gaskell, on the other hand, possessed a much wider vision. Having, indubitably, by nature a great faculty of reading human character, her canvas was necessarily more crowded than that of her friend, and frequently, she was unable to arrest herself and complete her individual sketches with the same minuteness. In individualization, she was confessedly Charlotte Brontë's inferior, as she also was George Eliot's, and for that reason a higher position must be accorded to those writers; but in grouping she was inferior to neither, and there are sketches of life in her books which for fulness and variety of detail are almost unrivalled.

Turning to the works themselves, let us take up for a little while *Mary Barton*, the volume by which our author first be-

came distinguished. It is a picture of Manchester life, as its title page states, and never, in the whole range of novels founded so closely upon fact as this, has the story been made more realizable to the reader. One would think that it was well nigh impossible for the grinders of the poor to read the opening chapters of this story, and still go on heaping up their gains, while they cared little whether those who were instrumental in their accumulation perished by the roadside. The workman's side of the labour question was never more forcibly depicted than in the following passages, which during the last fifty years have now and again been the inarticulate cry of thousands who lacked the power of uttering definite and appropriate language: “At all times it is a bewildering thing to the poor weaver to see his employer removing from house to house, each one grander than the last, till he ends in building one more magnificent than all, or withdrawing his money from the concern, or sell his mill, to buy an estate in the country, while all the time the weaver, who thinks he and his fellows are the real makers of this wealth, are struggling on for bread for his children, through the vicissitudes of lowered wages, short hours, fewer hands employed, &c. And when he knows trade is bad, and could understand (at least partially) that there are not buyers enough in the market to purchase the goods already made, and consequently that there is no demand for more; when he would bear and endure much without complaining, could he also see that his employers were bearing their share; he is, I say, bewildered, and (to use his own word), aggravated, to see that all goes on just as usual with the mill-owners. Large houses are still occupied, while spinners' and weavers' cottages stand empty, because the families which once filled them are obliged to live in rooms or cellars. Carriages still roll along the streets, concerts are still crowded by subscribers, the shops for expensive luxuries still find daily customers, while the workman loiters away his unemployed time in watching these things, and thinking of the pale, uncomplaining wife at home, and the wailing children asking in vain for enough of food—of the sinking health, of the dying life of those near and dear to him. The contrast is too great.” Of course, while there is much truth in this presentment of the case of the workman, Mrs. Gaskell is too conscientious to hide the fact that

the other side might be somewhat less harshly stated. But the arguments she employed were those felt by John Barton; and can we wonder at his querulousness when we follow the story, and learn that his mother died from absolute want of the necessaries of life, and that his only son, the apple of his eye, who could only be kept alive by the very best nourishment, also became a corpse through starvation? It is the position of Barton, and such as he towards the upper classes, their employers, which Mrs. Gaskell set herself to place before the world in this story to which we are referring. Every page teems with evidence of the close knowledge the author had acquired of her topic; and the tragic history related is almost sufficient to blind us to the merit of the book, when regarded as a purely literary effort. From page to page of the narrative we are hurried on, now getting glimpses of a poverty-stricken hovel, and now being introduced to the mansions of the millionaires; again being treated to a glowing description of a mill on fire. The story is too sad a one to write, except by a noble, large-hearted woman — one in whom the fire of benevolence has been kindled by the Divine. Such a being it is who has penned it, and thereby testified forever her love for suffering, toiling humanity. And after all that she must have seen of the degradation and loathsomeness attaching to many of those whose life-stories she must have probed, it is cheering to hear her say as she does of those who are frequently termed the "dregs" of society: — "There was faith such as the rich can never imagine on earth; there was love strong as death; and self-denial among rude, coarse men, akin to that of Sir Philip Sidney's most glorious deed. The vices of the poor sometimes astound us here; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree." We should not be loth to dwell long amid the lights (of which, however, there are few) and the shadows of this book, which was fraught with an interest rarely paralleled in fiction. The poor have here their interpreter. She stands and pours forth the tale of their sufferings into the ear of the rich. That ear, which had hitherto been almost closed to the story, must perforce open now when one appeals to it who has power to deliver the message with which she is charged. It may be painful to read the record, but it should be done. We must follow John Barton in all his

wanderings. How graphically are his experiences in London told, and what a genuine piece of art that is where the author describes him as calling at a cottage with his baby, asking for food, as it is nearly "clemmed," and being afraid that his request will be refused! But the woman was tender, and as she hung down her head and unlocked a drawer in the dresser Barton had evidence why she could not fail to be kind to the child. "I were sorry to be prying," he says, "but I could na' help seeing in that drawer some little child's clothes all strewed wi' lavender, and lying by 'em a little whip an' a broken rattle. I began to have an insight into that woman's heart then." The character of Mary Barton is well drawn. She is never insipid, sometimes wayward and impulsive, but always lovable, even when she is half drawn away by Mr. Carson, while another is loving her deeply and tenderly. The manufacturer, too, is typical, in his semi-gentility and coldness. Passion, except as regards the feeling he appears to cherish for Mary Barton, is foreign to his nature. Things went from bad to worse with Barton, till he became a Chartist, a Communist, "and all that is commonly called wild and visionary." Then arose combination on both sides — masters and men — and each began to take measures of their own, instead of trying to approximate their views to those of their opponents, thereby having some chance of an amicable arrangement of their differences. The book deals with exactly similar circumstances to those which we have again and again seen reported recently in connection with various trade strikes. The result, however, in this case was one the like of which we trust to see no repetition, even as we would labour to banish the differences between masters and men altogether from our shores. For what is it, but a reflection on human nature when commercial matters are allowed to breed strife, and finally — though very rarely we are glad to think — bloodshed? Surely the intelligence of which we boast should be sufficient to adjust relations, whenever they become strained, between various classes of men.

In the instance which Mrs. Gaskell has recorded, no understanding could be arrived at, and the consequence was, the commission of a crime which, together with its surroundings and concomitant incidents, gives to the narrative its thrilling character. The men bound themselves by a terrible oath; a number of

pieces of paper, one of which was marked, was put into a hat and shuffled together. The gas was extinguished, and each drew out a paper. The one which John Barton drew committed him to the lot of the assassin! Those who have read the story will never forget the impression produced by the chapters devoted to this tragedy; and those who have not read it should do so at once. We get here some insight also into the sufferings of the rich, when we behold old Mr. Carson standing over the murdered remains of his only son. We gather, too, what the strength of revenge is when the manufacturer, reminding the officer of justice that he is very rich, says, "Well, sir, half, nay, if necessary, the whole of my fortune, I will give to have the murderer brought to the gallows." He will know no rest while the assassin lives. Truly, the story seems surcharged with misery, and the mind is agonized during its perusal to its utmost tension. There is little in English novels surpassing in force the trial scene of Mary Barton's lover for the murder of which he was innocent. The author here has risen to the true dramatic height in her delineation. We are made to feel almost as though we were actual spectators of the trial, and witnesses of the anguish of Mary as she comes forward to give evidence; and of whom it is said, "that her look, and indeed her whole face, was more like the well-known engraving from Guido's picture of 'Beatrice Cenci' than anything else" which could be given for a comparison. One who saw it says, "that her countenance haunted him, like the remembrance of some wild sad melody heard in childhood; that it would perpetually recur with its mute imploring agony." The whole picture seems to us superior in its realism to that wherein another gifted female novelist has narrated the trial of Hetty Sorrel for the murder of her child. What a grand character does this poor country girl become after her baptism of fire! Compare the vapid sentimentalities which are flung about the lives of heroines in the generality of novels with the career of this long-tried Mary Barton, and note how they miserably fail as representations of human nature, with all its heritage of passion and suffering. But, besides the character of Mary, there are several psychological studies of the deepest interest in the volume; notably, that of Mr. Carson, senior, whom we have seen thirsting for the blood of his son's murderer. Mrs.

Gaskell has here wielded a masterly pencil, and we follow the mill-owner's career in most artistic gradations till we see him, not only ultimately saved from his intense anger, but recovered to be of great service to the classes whom he had before oppressed. It is a little singular that there is scarcely any joyousness in the book till we come to the last chapter; and as the story opens with children at its very commencement, so it introduces us to them at its very close. In the one case, however, they are in the gloom of adversity, whilst in the other we obtain the last glimpse of Mary as an emigrant living in the American forests with her husband and son. The sublimation of her spirit had been a long task — at one time it appeared as though it could never be attained; but it is the Almighty who says that light shall succeed to darkness, and it is He alone who has the power to accomplish the change.

Such is the novel by which Mrs. Gaskell first largely gained the public ear; and whilst from the barest outline of the plot we have no difficulty in apprehending why it should have secured general popularity, so, on a study of the book itself, we shall not be astonished that it has almost passed into a classic. In regarding it as an example of Mrs. Gaskell's first stage, we should say that it exhibits, first, force; secondly, truthfulness; and thirdly, concentrativeness. Yet let it not be understood that these qualities are absent from any other work of the author; the fact being simply that, though they may not be so apparent individually in the later novels, it is because they are attended by other graces of composition. The examples we have already cited from *Mary Barton* will demonstrate the first quality, that of force or power; as regards the second, in her construction of the work the author has not suffered herself to be bound by the canons then in vogue as to the writing of novels. She has dared to throw off the trammels, and challenged the reading world with a story which in the hands of a tyro would have been blurred in many of its incidents, tampered with in some of its characters, and probably made altogether to result in a complete fiasco. Perfection is found neither with the rich or the poor to the exclusion of the other; but wrongs never suffered to appear under false colours. About its true designation, aspect, and final arraignment we are allowed to make no mistake. The way of the world in conniving so that "offence's gilded hand

may shove by justice" meets with no approval from her; nor, on the other hand, are the poor allowed to suppose that their poverty or wrongs are to absolve them from the exhibition of those virtues which should be common to humanity. Yet, rigid moralist as she is, the woman's heart of sympathy for aught that is unfortunate or miserable throbs through all the words she has penned. And probably this is another reason why the book cannot be easily laid aside by any who are interested in the psychological dissection of their species. The quality of concentrativeness we have mentioned, though apparently trenching on that of force, is really a different quality altogether when speaking of Mrs. Gaskell as a writer. The force refers more to the qualities of the author herself in the expression of her thoughts; the concentrativeness refers to the absolute imprisonment of emotion in a few pages. In very few writers is there less diffusiveness in this respect than in the author of *Mary Barton*. We read page after page, come upon scene after scene, which excites the emotional nature to a very high degree. What appears to be a laborious effort with many in regard to the enlistment of feeling is a work of comparative ease with her.

But to pass from a consideration of these points for the time being, let us devote a few words to another matter. It was said by some critics in effect—"Yes, undoubtedly a new writer has arisen who is worth listening to. We admit her talent, but—" (and there is always supposed to be great virtue in a *but*) "there is something lacking. She has no *humour*." At one time, of course, there seemed to be some ground for the charge. But even the shallow critic should have remembered that Mrs. Gaskell might have had good grounds for not relieving the sombre gloom of her tale of Manchester life by too many flashes of humour. It was strictly a serious aspect of human nature which she had to present; and that under special circumstances, and with special intentions on the part of the writer. It had not been designed that she should write a novel simply with the view of giving phases of life alone, though in that respect her representations were true to the letter; a second purpose ran through the story, at which we have already hinted, and to be true to her object of endeavouring to aid in procuring an agreement between two great classes of society hitherto antagonistic, was what she chiefly desired. Op-

portunity, however, was afforded by subsequent labours to any critic who was desirous of being further convinced as to her possession of the faculty of humour. Let any one take up *Cranford*, and see whether he does not find as rich and charming a vein of humour running through it as he will in the writings of any novelist. It is delicious. The style is calm and yet flowing; ease and humour—a humour worthy of the best of our female writers—are the distinguishing characteristics of the book. From the very first page, where we find the village of Cranford in the possession of the Amazons, to the last, all is delightful.

The novel teems with excellent touches of character. There is Mr. Hoggins, the village doctor, whose name, as might be expected, was voted coarse by the ladies of Cranford; but he defied their scrupulosity, and after all, as Miss Jenkyns said, "if he changed it to Piggins it would not be much better." They had "hoped to discover a relationship between him and that Marchioness of Exeter whose name was Molly Hoggins; but the man, careless of his own interests, utterly ignored and denied any such relationship." Then, too, there is Mrs. Forrester, who was one of those Cranfordians continually put to all kinds of shifts to conceal their poverty. When she gave "a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world; and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up-stairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sate in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes." And so on—the whole novel being relieved by such touches of geniality. Every one will remember the disastrous failure of Captain Brown to introduce Mr. Dickens's works into Cranford. Having purchased *The Pickwick Papers*, which were then publishing in parts, the Captain read aloud to a party of ladies the account of the

"swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Miss Jenkyns, who had a mania for Dr. Johnson, capped this by reading pompously a portion of *Rasselas*. She considered it vulgar and degrading to literature to publish a work in parts (blissfully ignorant of the method in which *The Rambler* was given to the world), and turning to the Captain said—"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters,—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite." On behalf of Dickens, Captain Brown depreciated old Sam Johnson; but, being goaded still further by Miss Jenkyns, he transgressed propriety, and vented an oath on the great lexicographer. Yet *Cranford* is not altogether given up to this lighter element. There are passages of pathos in it which will fully sustain comparison with most others of the author; whilst some of the dear old antediluvian Cranfordians themselves are brimming over with the milk of human kindness. Whenever a good deed requires to be done they hasten to do it, and the spirit of a heroic self-sacrifice exists amongst them in a very eminent degree. The sketch is a true picture; and if the ladies are crotchety, we pardon them everything for the real nobleness of their hearts.

Amongst the somewhat voluminous works of the author there is one which deserves singling out, for merits which it possesses in a more striking degree than the rest. The memory of the pleasure we received on first reading it is upon us while we write, and cannot be obliterated. It remains as a pleasant dream, or as a sweet-smelling odour. *Cousin Phillis*, the story in question, is an idyll in prose. There is as much poetry in its descriptions of persons and scenery as in any book of its length that we remember. The farm life of England was never drawn in sweeter, clearer colours. We can almost scent the hay-fields, and see the sun shedding its golden light upon their broad bosom, and upon the gardens and hedges. As we read, the melody of the birds passes almost from a description into a reality, whilst the spirit which breathes through everything takes the willing senses captive, and fills them with an answering delight.

For a representation which is almost perfect of pastoral beauty we can refer the reader to a scene in the harvest-field, where Mr. Holman gives out a hymn at the close of the day, and his daughter

and the labourers join in the tune. The spectator of it describing the circumstance, says—"There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene." Very regretfully we tear ourselves away from such attractive and soothing incidents as these; but we must reluctantly say good-bye to *Cousin Phillis*, and turn to material of a sterner character. What a revulsion of feeling we endure when we come to the book called *A Dark Night's Work*, a piece of as sterling realism as has ever been attempted, and told with striking power! Unmeasured misery and woe are made to turn upon the commission of one dreadful deed; but beyond the thrilling character of the narrative, which holds one as if in chains until it is finished, there is little in the novel to recommend it. The style is inferior, and lacks the grace of most of Mrs. Gaskell's writing. The book is, in fact, neither better nor worse than many which Miss Braddon is in the habit of issuing, except for that one single thread of sincerity which runs through it. The author, even with an unpleasant subject, is always the conscientious, painstaking artist, and never writes for the simple purpose of sensation. It is unnecessary to refer at length to the various short stories which Mrs. Gaskell has written, in order to obtain an estimate of her genius. They are all imbued with the same spirit; but there is one fact noticeable about them, and that is, how nearly all are given up to the presentation of painful episodes in human life. There is scarcely one which we remember which is not deeply tinged with sadness and suffering. It is the peculiarity of this writer, indeed, that such subjects attract her far more than joyous ones. Even her long stories have as much of misery in them as happiness, if not more. The sad aspects of humanity are drawn again and again, till occasionally our cry is for light in the midst of great and oppressive darkness. Hers must have been a brooding nature; one which often reviewed the moral mysteries of the universe; and which, on stepping forth into the world, was of a most impressionable character, mirroring upon

itself the sorrows of those with whom she came into contact.

Ruth, a story which has generally been one of the chief favourites with readers, is remarkable for the manner in which it deals with a question that requires the utmost delicacy of treatment. We have seen the subject repeatedly treated in the most objectionable and unsatisfactory manner, notably by a popular writer just recently. In enlisting the sympathy of the public with the unfortunate heroine of his story, he purposely threw a false halo round her character. The one who had sinned was not only made to triumph over others who had not fallen, but she was held up to admiration, whilst others whose characters were spotless were made subject only to contempt. Let it be remembered, also, that she who had sinned had not so far repented of her sin as to confess it amply and strive after a high morality, for we find her practising the vice of hypocrisy, and taking a position to which she was not entitled by assuming a false character. Such is the method in which morals are sometimes dealt with; and we mention this instance particularly with a view of correcting what is too common an error. Vice is continually represented by certain novelists in the most glowing colours; or, rather, if the vice itself is not always absolutely so treated, the utmost attractiveness is accorded to the vicious. Their errors are mentioned in a half-apologetic way, and the writers hurry on to enlist the sympathy of the reader for their Anonymas and their Lotharios, who are generally described as the hand-somest of God's creatures, whilst those in whom virtue is predominant are supposed to be weak, silly, or ugly. It is astonishing that such a treatment of things should be persisted in; but we put it to our readers themselves to vouch for the truth of this remark. In too many cases, it is to be feared, it is the insidious spice of wrong which gives a fillip to the circulation of the books to which we have referred. If it were possible to get these writers of fiction to study works of a high moral character with a view to profiting thereby, we might recommend them a course of the greatest masters in their art. As our lady writers are mostly the prominent offenders in this respect, we have all the more confidence in commending to their attention this novel of *Ruth* by one of their own sex, as an example of what true and yet fearless handling can accomplish with a delicate subject. Ruth

Hilton is drawn so beautifully and tenderly, that we are left no option but to admire her greatly, and unfeignedly sympathize with her; but the artist who has given us the portrait has not scrupled to put in the shadows boldly when required. Pure in her inmost soul as she is, Ruth is not allowed to conquer that social ostracism which is the ban of all who sin. Mrs. Gaskell has drawn a *good* character who has sinned, and even the wretched being herself feels that humility and obscurity are the only lot in future for her. There is none of the brazen flaunting before the world which inferior artists frequently assign to similar characters, and which demonstrates that there is a deeper depth even than the one great sin which they have committed. Wherever she went Ruth Hilton was deeply beloved in spite of herself, but in all the stages of her existence the shadow was upon her. She had been stricken, and drooped like the flower withered by the blast. The story of the poor dressmaker is well known. It opens in a city in the Eastern counties. Ruth is working those long hours day by day which are even yet in some of our fashionable quarters in London a disgrace to all concerned. There is little light in her life; a word of kindness from some who are like slaves with herself, and a short walk into the beautiful country on a Sunday, and that is about all. By-and-by the great circumstance of life comes—she loves; and like all women under the influence of love, she cannot reason, she can only idolize. The end of it all is known; the poor girl becomes an outcast, but the betrayer, as usual, goes on his way safely—rich, and not lacking the esteem of the world. He is not altogether dead to feeling, however, till his mother steps in and teaches him how to become a fiend. Then come the wanderings of Ruth, and her reception into that little home in North Wales, where we make the acquaintance of as noble a hero as breathes in literature in the person of Thurstan Benson. The book deserves to live if for this character alone. But there are others in whom the light of the Divinity burns brightly. Good Faith Benson, Thurstan's sister, is for the moment sorely tried, because her brother, who is a minister, jeopardizes his character by taking into his house an outcast, whose touch would be considered contamination by the world. Yet his pure and childlike nature conquers her; and search where men will, it would be diffi-

cult to find acts which breathe the truest spirit of benevolence more than do these of the unsophisticated Welsh couple. The story progresses, till suddenly in the midst of its burden of sorrow we come upon a piece of writing which might have been penned by Dickens, and seems in its way as admirable a touch of comedy as need be. It is where Sally, the brawny, buxom servant at Mr. Benson's, tells the story of her sweethearts. She shall rehearse part of it here. It concerns one Dixon, a Methodist, who called upon her unexpectedly one day while she was cleaning her kitchen. She squatted down to her work, thinking with regard to the amorous Dixon, "I shall be on my knees all ready if he puts up a prayer, for I knew he was a Methodee by bringing up, and had only lately turned to master's way of thinking; and them Methodees are terrible hands at unexpected prayers when one least looks for 'em." Dixon's prayer was of another kind, however. Sally *loquitur* : —

At last he says, says he, "Sally, will you oblige me with your han?" So I thought it were, maybe, Methodee fashion to pray hand-in-hand; and I'll not deny but I wished I'd washed it better after blackleading the kitchen fire. I thought I'd better tell him it were not so clean as I could wish, so says I, "Master Dixon, you shall have it and welcome, if I may just go and wash 'em first." "But," says he, "my dear Sally, dirty or clean, it's all the same to me, seeing I'm only speaking in a figuring way. What I'm asking on my bended knees is, that you'd please to be so kind as to be my wedded wife; week after next will suit me if it's agreeable to you." My word, I were up on my feet in an instant! — "Master Dixon, I'm obliged to you for the compliment, and thank ye all the same, but I think I'd prefer a single life." . . . Says he, "Think again, my dear Sally. I have a four-roomed house and furniture comfortable, and eighty pound a year. You may never have such a chance again." . . . "As for that, neither you nor I can tell, Master Dixon. You're not the first chap as I've had down on his knees afore me, axing me to marry him, and maybe you'll not be the last. Anyhow, I've no wish to change my condition just now." "I'll wait till Christmas," says he. "I've a pig as will be ready for killing then, so I must get married before that." Well, now, would you believe it? the pig were a temptation. I'd a receipt for curing hams, as Miss Faith would never let me try, saying the old way were good enough. However, I resisted. Says I, very stern, because I felt I'd been wavering, "Master Dixon, once for all, pig or no pig, I'll not marry you. And if you'll take my advice, you'll get up off your knees. The flags is but damp as yet, and it

would be an awkward thing to have rheumatiz just before winter."

The notion of matrimony being a temptation because it would afford scope for trying a new plan of curing hams, is very charming, but it is evidently a touch of nature. The character of this servant altogether is a very admirable piece of work from the novelist's point of view. The least shade of her identity is never once lost during the whole of the story. Some of the other characters are not sufficiently individualized to make the entire book remarkable as a study of human nature; but the emotional element of the novel is very strong. Before we part with it, let us beg the reader to notice that scene where Ruth has an interview with her son, and for the first time breaks to him the news of her humiliation and her sorrow. The most obdurate must be penetrated by its simple but terrible pathos. It is almost unique for its pathetic force. Who cannot realize the grief of that woman's heart as her relation culminates with the passionate exclamation, "Would to God I had died!" And then, turning from herself, to give her last thoughts to her son, she says — "Remember that, when the time of trial comes — and it seems a hard and cruel thing that you should be called reproachful names by men, and all for what was no fault of yours — remember God's pity and God's justice; and though my sin shall have made you an outcast in the world — oh, my child, my child! — remember, darling of my heart, it is only your own sin that can make you an outcast from God." Soon afterwards the end approaches, for the devoted being contracts a mortal malady, in nursing the man who has brought her misery; the gloom is dispelled, and she passes away with sweet song. Thus out of tribulation the noblest ends are wrought.

The question of the unequal distribution of pain and pleasure — a question which has agitated every thinking mind at some period of its history since Time began — is dealt with in *Sylvia's Lovers*. But to all questioning and deep searching we are left at the close to say with Tennyson, "Behind the veil, behind the veil!" The confession is once more forced, that none ever meet exactly with their due share of either joy or sorrow. The lots are changed, and the deserving are very frequently apportioned the "severer discipline." Mrs. Gaskell, however, be her beliefs right or wrong,

has this advantage, that she is unwavering in her inculcation of the highest principles. Yet again she almost overweights her work with the tragic element. Look at the life of Sylvia Robson, and see what is set against the one great charm of personal beauty which she possesses. Her heart is incessantly probed to its very depths by trouble, and when at last she is represented as almost purified from the dross of mortality, it is only by the loss of all which she had at one period imagined to be necessary for her happiness. Hope springs out of the death of the lower pleasures, the pleasures which delight, but do not really touch the depth of the soul's need. A remarkable contrast is witnessed in this respect between Mrs. Gaskell's treatment of the deepest moral and spiritual questions and that of many other writers. One would think, to read scores of works of fiction which issue from the press, that to eat, drink, and be well clothed and housed were the chief and almost only ends of existence. We generally find, at least, that material riches and a coarse kind of happiness are heaped upon the heroes and heroines who are presented to us. And thus, for the most part, in being robbed of their truth to mortal destiny, these lives present no points of sympathy wherein we can be at one. The only result of the novels themselves is to please the fancy, and give a spice of enjoyment to what is by no means the higher part of our nature. In *Sylvia's Lovers* Mrs. Gaskell has been true to humanity as it has been brought before her. She is perfectly just. Sylvia is no imaginary portrait. How vividly her life realizes the anguish which rends the heart behind many an exterior which seems to be fair! Her character is beautiful, but it is not perfect—we had almost said it was so beautiful because it was *not* perfect. The idea is that it is not impossible; the touches of human weakness at once make Sylvia a part and parcel of that common race to which we all belong. She is not exalted by a fancied perfection up to a sphere into which so many heroines are translated, but which none of the living women ever attain. Philip, too, her husband, has had his imperfections; and when, after far journeyings, he returns home at last, it is to die. The two, in their moment of understanding each other, are separated by the icy hand of Death. To the question, "What hope of answer or redress?" there is only, we

once more remark, the answer of the Poet Laureate.

We mentioned this story as illustrative of the second stage of Mrs. Gaskell's literary career; and for this reason, that it indicates a superior finish to many of her previous novels. It is evident that the author's powers were maturing. There is a greater grasp not only of character but of actual expression, though, as we have said, all her writings are singular for their strength. Life on the North-eastern coast is delineated with perfect skill, the separate studies of Monkshaven fishermen and others being marked with great *verve* and completeness. The story of the press-gang, that institution flourishing in good King George's time, by which his Majesty's subjects were liable to be seized and carried away to the wars by main force, is graphically told, and the horrors which attend it, if history and recollection are to be relied upon, are drawn without the slightest exaggeration. For touches of pathos, the account of the sailor's funeral, and the proceedings subsequent to the arrest of Sylvia's father, Daniel Robson, for the attack on the King's representatives, leave nothing to be desired, whilst the whole scene between the dying Philip and Sylvia is strikingly emotional. Then there is the disappointment of Hester, who loves Philip Hepburn with an intensity rarely witnessed in women, whilst he, on the contrary, is devoted heart and soul to Sylvia, whose affections have long been centered on the handsome Kinraid, a character which is likewise finished in the author's best style.

Another novel which attained considerable popularity at the time of its issue in a serial form was *North and South*. It seems to be more unequal in merit than most of Mrs. Gaskell's stories, the latter part especially bearing some traces of hasty composition. The author partly explains this herself by stating that she was obliged to conform to the conditions imposed by the requirements of a weekly publication, and likewise to confine the story within certain advertised limits. There can be little doubt that under some circumstances this would greatly interfere with a writer, who should be perfectly unchecked, and left to suspend or resume work at pleasure, halting here and pushing ahead there. But if any one wishes to test Mrs. Gaskell's power of drawing life, let him turn to this novel and study the characters of Margaret

Hale and her father, the poor country clergyman. Touches of infinite sympathy reveal how clearly and how completely the author had apprehended her *dramatis persona*. Margaret is one of the most charming personages in fiction, and when she was carried off by Mr. Thornton, the mill-owner and manufacturer, we were not quite satisfied. A feeling of disappointment affected us; we did not think him good enough — and yet he is anything but a contemptible character, only we wanted goods marked “extra-superfine” in this case. The story is less sad than the previous ones, though there are several occasions on which the heart-strings are touched. Poor Bessy Higgins and her dying conversations with Margaret form a melancholy narrative. The mills at Milton had been too much for her. She had worked in a carding-room and contracted consumption there by taking in upon her lungs the “fluff,” or fine white bits, as they flew off the cotton in process of carding. As Bessy said, and we will note the “humanity” prevalent at that period in the North, “There’s many a one as works in a carding-room that falls into a waste (consumption), coughing and spitting blood, because they’re just poisoned by the fluff. Some folk have a great wheel at one end o’ their carding-rooms to make a draught, and carry off the dust; but that wheel costs a deal o’ money — five or six hundred pounds, maybe, and brings in no profit — so it’s but a few o’ the masters, as will put ‘em up.” And so the poor factory hands went on dying. Some of these iniquities have been altered since. Margaret Hale gave her life to Mr. Thornton, and from the conversations she had frequently with him before that event, one can see that she was to have a mighty influence upon her husband for good in the matter of the treatment of his workpeople. She is cast in a truly heroic mould; sweetness, without too much sentimentality; strength, without losing any of her femininity, being her prominent characteristics. It is such women as she who make the race great; their influence, while apparently of the gentlest, is yet of the most permanent kind. They make plastic the wills of those who are brought into contact with them, just as the sun’s beams operate undemonstratively upon nature. Yet she could exhibit a rapidity of action when necessary — as on the occasion when Mr. Thornton was in danger from his exasperated workpeople, and the brave girl flung her arms round him

to shield him from their wrath, at the risk of her own life. Thornton himself, though doubtless well drawn, does not arouse any special admiration on our part, and the same may be said of his weak-minded mother. The mill-owner was too cold and self-sustained to be worthy of the love of such a woman as Margaret, though probably she was able to see beneath the exterior, and recognize the rugged worth that was dormant there, and afterwards developed. The love scene with which the book closes is natural and admirable, rather a rarity in novels, for there are few of such scenes which do not strike one on reading them as strained and unnatural. The thought crossed the two together that their choice would be disapproved by both their parents, neither of whom could understand the other’s child. Margaret wonders what her Aunt Shaw will say when she learns of her engagement. “I can guess,” said Thornton; “her first exclamation will be, ‘That man!’” “Hush!” said Margaret, “or I shall try and show you your mother’s indignant tones, as she says, ‘That woman!’” It is impossible, however, to dwell longer on this delightful story, and there is probably no reason to elucidate it, as it is doubtless perfectly well known to most readers of fiction.

There only remains now one work of this gifted and lamented author upon which to offer some observations. And this is in all respects the completest as a work of fiction (as it is the best) which has proceeded from her pen. *Wives and Daughters* exhibits the rich genius of Mrs. Gaskell in its last stage, when perfection had been attained, or at least a perfection as near as can be pointed to in any author. Unfinished as she left it, it still remains for us the best of all her novels, and one which can be recommended to all of her order as a specimen of purity, strength, and sweetness. It has not the quicksilver vivacity of Dickens, the poetic glow of Bulwer, or the wonderful dissection and penetration of Thackeray; but, in addition to a moderate development of the qualities for which these masters were famous, there is a radiating human affection beaming through all its pages. We are robbed of one scene, which in the hands of the author would have been inimitable, viz., the confession of Roger Hamley’s love to Molly after his return, and the manner in which the confession would have been received by that charming heroine. There was much to tell in one chapter, we are

informed, had the author but lived to tell it. The two persons who have all along been favourites with the reader are of course to be married; and one little anecdote which Mrs. Gaskell intended to relate of Cynthia Kirkpatrick is very characteristic. After her brother-in-law had become a celebrated traveller, his name was mentioned in certain circles which Cynthia frequented, with surprise, as being connected with her family: but it had never occurred to her to mention the little fact. The reticence of some people is almost as remarkable a phenomenon as the silence of others. We think that, had Mrs. Gaskell lived, she would have given to the world a series of novels scarcely inferior to any which we have received from our best known writers of fiction. *Wives and Daughters* abundantly proves this. Regarded either as a piece of writing, or as a reproduction of character, it will stand a severe scrutiny. The only possible fault which might have a basis or foundation in fact is, that the style is never strong to overwhelming. It does not crush one by its force. The book is told rather with quietness than demonstration of power; but when the pathos comes it is natural and unstrained. It reflects the purity of the author's own mind: we see her lifted away from the grosser pursuits of earth, and beckoning those for whom she is writing to come away also into the purer air. Of course we do not escape the narration of trouble, misunderstanding, and regret; that would be for the writer to miss the highest part of her vocation, which is to teach through the ordinary media of all novelists. The plot of this book is of the most meagre description; it makes no demand on our faculties of wonder; it touches at times the springs of humour, and passes away again to call into action those of emotion. The simplest of human lives, with the most ordinary and peaceful of careers, in the majority of cases, are the groundwork of the narrative. But now see what the author has made of her materials. Where shall we find characters more carefully drawn than those of the two brothers Osborne and Roger Hamley, and Cynthia Kirkpatrick? In her way, the last-named is equal to Maggie Tulliver. It is perfect in finish—there is nothing to be desired, and no flaw to be found in the delineation. The same may be said of Osborne Hamley, a most difficult character to draw, and one which requires the negative power of repression

in an author as well as the positive power of protrusion. We see less of this personage than of any other through the novel, and yet, on closing it, the figure of Osborne Hamley is one of the most abiding impressions left upon the memory. But a few touches here and there have given us an insight into the mind of the Squire's heir, and the fuller details we obtain of his brother do not suffice to hide him from the view. The same remark also applies to Cynthia. Although early impregnated with a feeling for her half pity, half abhorrence, there is no person whose fortunes kindle the kind of interest we feel in her to such a pitch, or in whose development and final goal we feel more concerned. At the moment she arrives at Mr. Gibson's from France we discover her disposition, and the full manifestation is only a question of time. The few glimpses of aristocratic life obtained are also true, and the aristocrats themselves are human beings, and not mere eccentricities or monstrosities, as is too often the case with sketches and portraits of beings of the upper classes. The amusing element in the story is supplied mostly through the aid of Mrs. Kirkpatrick (afterwards Gibson), whose character, however, is more contemptible than humorous in itself. Still, it is often individuals of this description who are provocative of considerable mirth in others. Her determined angling for Mr. Gibson as her second husband causes some amusement, not unmingled with a disgust akin to that the unfortunate man himself must have felt when he discovered that he had requested a scheming widow to become his wife, and that the chances of the union had been patronizingly discussed beforehand by Lord and Lady Cumnor. But it is a relief to get away from these people into the company of Molly, Mr. Gibson's daughter, and a most bewitching heroine, though withal as sensible and staid a young lady as any whose acquaintance we make in our rambles through novels. For a time it seems as though misfortune and scheming were in combination to keep her out of the only position we can conceive possible for her—that of Roger Hamley's wife. Blindly and stupidly, perhaps, this youth is attracted by the superior brilliancy of Cynthia, and the exposed surface of her character. He never troubles himself to ask whether there is anything really worthy beneath the showy exterior, and it is when adversity alone demonstrates as usual the true metal of the

real heroine that he awakes to the knowledge of the vast superiority of Molly over her attractive sister. It is only when trouble falls upon others that she appears to the best advantage. Then her woman's nature exhibits itself, and she pours forth the stream of long pent-up tenderness. Stay—one person had all along known her heart—Mr. Gibson could testify that it was as free of guile as it was eager to do good for others. Of all characters which seem to bear upon them the stamp of earthly perfection, this is one of the best. It seems to need no purifying, for there is no period when it appears to be mingled with dross. It is the veritable gold of human nature.

In her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*—which, by-the-bye, is another specimen of Mrs. Gaskell's excellent English, as well as a tribute to her sympathetic heart—she quotes some sentences which seem peculiarly applicable to herself and her novels. One who knew Charlotte Brontë intimately said of her—"She thought much of her duty, and had loftier and clearer notions of it than most people, and held fast to them with more success. It was done, it seems to me, with much more difficulty than people have of stronger nerves and better fortunes. All her life was but labour and pain; and she never threw down the burden for the sake of present pleasure. I don't know what use you can make of all I have said. I have written it with the strong desire to obtain appreciation for her. Yet, what does it matter? She herself appealed to the world's judgment for her use of some of the faculties she had—not the best—but still the only ones she could turn to strangers' benefit. They heartily, greedily, enjoyed the fruits of her labours, and then found out she was much to be blamed for possessing such faculties. Why ask for a judgment on her from such a world?" While it is quite true that these words taken literally have not such a direct reference to Mrs. Gaskell as they have to her much misrepresented and maligned friend, yet the spirit of them is so *à propos* to her own—that in which her work was always undertaken—that we have ventured to quote them. Always perfectly conscientious, her first aim in the production of her novels was to be true to herself, and to the society which she professed to depict. There is, perhaps, less of absolute exaggeration in the characters she has drawn than in the works of most authors of fiction. The person who

stands clearest in this respect compared with others is the author of *The New-comer*, whom she and her friend, the writer of *Jane Eyre*, concurred in regarding as the master-spirit of fiction. Those who study her intimately will easily condone the few unimportant faults she may possess in consideration of the many and great merits which completely overshadow them. It is impossible to read any author without some degree of difference arising between our own mind and his. If we agree with his method we despise his power to draw character; or, if we are enchanted with his power of individuality, we are, perchance, annoyed by his defective finish. In Mrs. Gaskell's case we shall find a large call upon our admiration in both respects.

The taunt was once thrown out against the novelist of Haworth, that she was an excellent artist as far as concerned the depicting of "governesses," a class of beings with whom she was supposed to be most in unison, as she was intimately acquainted with their position and trials, &c. The taunt, however, has now completely lost its force, and the genius which conceived *Shirley* and *Jane Eyre* has been almost universally acknowledged, certainly in every quarter where her work has been fairly read and tested by all who are capable of forming an intelligent opinion thereupon. We can well afford, therefore, to leave the charge that Mrs. Gaskell is a tolerable artist so far as local colour is concerned, to work itself out, as it most assuredly will. What novelist is not a local artist in one sense? Whether he depicts life as he sees it in White-chapel or in Manchester, his colouring must be local; the question is, is it true? Landseer was a great artist, though his vocation, his *spécialité*, was of the narrowest description. Yet where are the pictures besides his own, which represent dogs with brains, and thus reproduce them with the fidelity of nature? The question is not so much to consider, in speaking of the novelist, whether he gives us all classes of life, as is he exact in those particular instances which he professes to delineate? The humblest animal, faithfully represented, is a better work of art than any caricature of humanity. This principle, which is indubitable, is fast becoming more generally recognized, though in the matter of the novel it has been somewhat slow of acceptance. Let it be strictly applied to Mrs. Gaskell's writings, and we fearlessly assert that the result will be in placing her in a very high

position amongst our writers of fiction. She never cared to pander to popularity by the production of stories which it is considered are eminently fitted to adorn the numerous libraries. She wrote first for the sake of truth, and secondly for posterity. The first object has been, it is generally conceded, strictly accomplished; the second we can well afford to leave in the hands of those to whom she appealed.

Finally, in stating the qualities for which, as a novelist, Mrs. Gaskell is most conspicuous, we should enumerate them in the following order:—individuality, force, truthfulness, and purity. As regards the first-named quality no one would be inclined to dispute her possession of it after reading *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, or *Wives and Daughters*. The power of detaching a human unit, with all its special thoughts, griefs, hopes, and fears, from the rest of its kind, is in full force in all the works we have named. Indeed, there is scarcely any contemporary author who has excelled her in this respect. But upon that quality, and also upon her force and power, we have sufficiently enlarged already. Concerning the truthfulness of Mrs. Gaskell there is room for genuine approval. In whatever sphere of life she conveys her readers, they are conscious that there is no exaggeration, no undue exaltation of this person, and no undue depression of the other. Upon this estimable quality we should be inclined to build most fearlessly for her assurance of immortality. Yet while there is no quality which should singly so well ensure it, if any work is to live and have a constant impression upon successive generations it must be combined with qualities which may seem humbler, but which in reality have more vitality in them from the fact that however the world changes their special power remains the same. Let Mrs. Gaskell's novels be read after the lapse of a hundred years, and one feels that the verdict delivered then would be that they were penned by the hand of a true observer—one who not only studied human nature with a desire, but a capacity, to comprehend it. This is one of the great motive powers which will ever keep the name of the author green in the public remembrance. The other principal quality to assist this consummation is purity. We were struck in reading her various volumes with this fact—that there is really less in them than there is in most other authors which she herself could wish to

be altered. In fact, there is no purer author in modern times. And what has she lost by being pure? Has she failed to give a fair representation of any class of human beings whom she professes to depict? Not one; and her work stands now as an excellent model for those who would avoid the tendencies of the sensuous school, and would seek another basis upon which to acquire a reputation which should have some chances of durability. The author of *Wives and Daughters* will never cease to hold a high place in our regard. Could she do so we should despair for the future of fiction in England. Hers was one of those spirits which led the way to a purer day. The darkness out of which she assisted to bring us with her healthful work is passing away; and it is well to remember, in the splendour of a superior light, our indebtedness to those luminaries—conspicuous amongst whom is the writer whose works have been passed in review—who first lifted the veil of the Cimmerian darkness which at one period threatened to envelop our imaginative literature.

G. B. S.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

DREAMS and portents are not so grave-ly considered in the present day as they were in times past. Until these latter ages, nothing of moment was undertaken without previous reference to an augur, an oracle, or a divinity directly, the practice being common to most religions—sanctioned in the true, followed in the others. The answers to human appeals to divinities came often by means of visions or dreams, and many times mysterious communications of this kind were made without a question having been previously asked. The world quite believed that the visions seen during sleep had meanings, although it was only now and then that a meaning could be discerned. We have changed all that now. We dream as men in all ages have dreamed, but we do not allow that our visions have the least significance. The trust of these utilitarian times reposes on something more tangible than weird revelations. If we desire to invest or realize money, our broker is likely to take the place of the augur or aruspex; our solicitor is the oracle when property is in question; we turn to the physician and not to the priest when disease troubles

us ; if we venture on journeys we look to the fitness and security of the conveyance — no, we place ourselves, in a majority of instances, at the mercy of railway companies, less worthy to be relied on than the most impudent soothsayer, or the trance of the silliest old woman. At any rate, whether we risk our lives and fortunes rashly or cautiously, we work by natural means ; neither would any educated person among us own to a belief that other means are available — *own*, it was written ; for it may be shrewdly suspected that nine-tenths of us have, in some secret corners of our being, lying *perdu*, an implicit conviction that there are agencies other than material which affect our fates and fortunes. More than this, the man is quite an exceptional being who has not in his own experience known of warnings and revelations which no philosophy can explain — curious coincidences he will call them, probably, when jauntily making mention of them ; but how is it with him when he is alone and reflecting ? Can he maintain the doctrine of accident then ? Is there not some inexplicable connection between signs and events which forces the belief that both have been guided by influences very different from those with which we are physically acquainted ?

If only I were assured that my readers would confess the consciousness which I have indicated, I would ask them to take with me a step in advance of this position, and to consider whether, in some of the spiritual phenomena which they have witnessed, there have not been evidences, not only of intention and correction, but also of occasional strange misdirections or erratic flights of the omens, which have rendered them practically useless, or even mischievous, without making them less remarkable. Dreams and tokens sometimes appear to make mistakes, just as human beings do. They come at times to the wrong house or the wrong man, although there is generally some obvious application of the error, just as there might be of some blunder in everyday affairs. I give an instance to illustrate my meaning. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, being at the time in one of our northern cities, dreamed once that he saw his eldest son lying on the ground, severely injured by some accident ; and that his family surgeon, appearing in the scene, informed him that the boy had been kicked by a donkey, and that the injury would prove fatal. He awoke much dis-

turbed, but had not time in the morning to ponder his dream, for he was going to Newcastle by an early train. Many times during the journey the frightful vision presented itself again ; but he travelled on business of importance, the thought of which detained his mind in the actual world. It was not till he was returning home again in the evening that the vision of the night before came back to him with distressing effect. He travelled the last twenty miles of the return journey in a truly miserable state of mind, unable to shake off the fear of something terrible, which impended over his first-born. As the train drew up to the platform he caught sight of the surgeon, standing as if expecting the arrival of some one ; but he did not see any member of his own family waiting, as was usual, his return. In an instant he put together the circumstances of the case. Something shocking had occurred at home ; and the surgeon had come to meet him, and to prepare him for the miserable condition in which he would find his house. When the train drew up to the platform he could see nothing of the family surgeon — and he even doubted whether he might not have mistaken some one else for him ; and when he arrived at home he found a happy party, and nothing the matter. They had supposed that he would travel by a later train, or else he would have been met at the station as usual. No misfortune happened in the family ; but about this time a schoolfellow and classfellow of his eldest son fell seriously ill. His case perplexed the medical men who, unable to recognize the complaint as a defined disease, began to make inquiries as to incautious trials of his strength, or accidental injury. Then it came out that the boy had been kicked in the side by a donkey soon after the time when the dream was dreamed. It was decided that some serious internal injury had been the result of the kick ; and when the poor boy died (as he did) this was put beyond a doubt. Now, does not this story suggest that the dream was intended (perhaps as a caution) for some relation of the boy who died, but that it came, or was conducted, to the parent of that boy's classfellow ; as if, when the boys were together in school, the dream had been ordered to proceed to the father of "that boy" (pointed out) ; but a mistake having been made as to which boy was indicated, the warning found its way to the father of the wrong one ?

If these curious occurrences seem to give much significance to dreams, they at the same time betray a most unfortunate laxity in the machinery by which dreams are directed. Are the agents who bring about these visions subject to the same feelings and infirmities as the ministers and stewards of this world? Is it possible that an intelligence, charged with the communication of a dream, can be heedless enough to deliver it at the wrong house like a stupid postman? Can it get sleepy over its work, and let the dreams distribute themselves any way they will, so that it is quit of the bother of them? Is any sort of stimulus resorted to by spirits that have a good deal to do, and may be of a desponding tendency? Or, worse than all, is there a spiritual equivalent to a half-crown, by which, out of wantonness or malignity, dream-conductors may be induced to make wilful blunders after the fashion of knavish valets or intriguing handmaidens in comedies? My own opinion is that the Queen Mabs, or whoever they are, that manage the dream-world, are sometimes a little flighty, and in consequence create terrible *contretemps* among material beings. This much having been said by way of preface, it will be understood in what way I regard the untoward events narrated below. Some spirit, or spirits, was, or were, guilty of very grave and culpable negligence. I am afraid we have at present no means of bringing the delinquent or delinquents to punishment, but we may record a verdict in case of their ever becoming amenable to correction, so I beg my readers to consider the case well, and to say whether a conviction can be avoided.

It happened about fifty years ago that among the guests who one night occupied the Royal Hotel at Plymouth, were two young men, who, not being friends nor even acquaintances, were both then resident in a small town in Devonshire, which shall be called in this narrative Wetton, as if the name were a contraction of Wet town, an appellation which the place well deserved. They had come to Plymouth, each on his own affairs, but they chanced to occupy adjacent rooms, and they had good reason to remember these rooms, as I propose to show; but before I say what happened, just let me mention who the young men were.

One of them was a subaltern officer temporarily employed on the recruiting service. Lieutenant Hardinge had been some few months at Wetton, which place

he found very dull, although to do it justice, it did its little endeavour to amuse him, and make him think favourably of it. Perhaps he appreciated the modest attentions which were paid to him, for he was not a supercilious person at all; but if he did, that was no reason why he should not make an excuse for running into the large town now and then to see another phase of life, and to hear what was going on in the military world.

The other was a native of Wetton, the son of a tradesman who had, I believe, been a working mason, but had now risen to be an employer of labour, and a master builder in a small way. The father, though shrewd, upright, and industrious—which qualities had enabled him to rise in the world—felt the want of education when he came to fill a new position. He could not correspond with educated people, and he could not keep his business accounts—at least not in a manner that could be generally understood. It is true that he used certain cabalistic signs which he would scrawl in devious fashion over the pages of a memorandum-book; but these hieroglyphics were understood by none but himself, and a school-master at Wetton,—a very useful person, who for moderate fees made fair abstracts from the mysterious memoranda, and periodically prepared the bills of Mr. Saunders (that was the builder's name). Of course Mr. Saunders did what he could to prevent his son from suffering from the defect which he had himself found so detrimental. He intended the youth to succeed him in his business, and so had him well grounded by his friend the schoolmaster in the three R's, and made, as he called it, "a bit of a scholar." He had, moreover, supplemented this instruction with a year's board and teaching at a private school in Plymouth. If the quality of education given at the boarding-school did not surpass that which was procurable at Wetton, Mr. Saunders senior never for an instant imagined that such could be the case. He did his duty by paying the price of good schooling at any rate; and then the polish acquired by going from a country town to a large town for a short time! Young Master Saunders came home burnished to a high degree, greatly to his father's pride in a general way, who would wink at his neighbours or his wife when the lively young fellow indulged in a smart sally or showed his breeding, as much as to say, "There's mettle for ye: you see the flavour has been properly

brought out of vintage number two; number one didn't get a fair chance, but he's got it in him too." At the same time, Saunders senior owned to himself, like a reasonable, moderate man as he was, that there were some little features of Benjamin's spirit which he didn't altogether appreciate; "but then," he would say, "if I had wanted the boy to be entirely after my fancies I should have kept him at home and not made him a scholar; with eddication come ideas which homely men can't quite understand. If Ben's got a little above me that can't be helped; there's a great deal about the lad that pleases me, and, for the rest, we must take the rough and the smooth together." Honest Saunders had a strong belief, too, that a little steady attention to business would tone the youth down to the right pitch; and that, when he should be out of his time, he would possess just the proportions of science, practical knowledge, and acquaintance with the world, for "getting on," as it is called, in the orb aforesaid. Accordingly he apprenticed Benjamin to himself; and if he had made him go through the whole drudgery of the business as he had himself done, it might have been that things would have turned out as he anticipated. But he showed a rather injudicious respect to the youth's learning and refined feelings. He hadn't the heart to set so genteel an apprentice to mix mortar in his shirt-sleeves, or to handle his trowel among a set of uncouth, uneducated journeymen who could be no company for him; besides, he wanted these journeymen to look up to Master Benjamin as a superior person, which they might not be inclined to do if they should see him dressed in fustian, and sweating away like an ordinary mechanic. The consequence was that the young Benjamin acquired only a theoretic knowledge of the building trade; and that he was more in the office among the books and letters than on the works; and, as a consequence of this consequence, he learned to look down upon manual labour, and to encourage ambitious ideas which were not likely to make him steady. I don't mean to say, however, that Benjamin didn't mind his work. He did that, and by taking charge of the office affairs enabled his parent to be almost constantly supervising the workmen, and often, as he liked to do, laying a course of masonry himself "to show these conceited scamps how a bit of work should be done," finishing a joint or two, setting

a grate or boiler, or spreading a coat of cement.

Now the young Benjamin, as he wore a coat of finer cloth than his father's, as he was esteemed by his mother, and indeed by many less prejudiced people, a person of erudition, and as he felt within him an aptitude for asserting himself vigorously on most occasions (or, according to some, as he was a pert young whelp), began to seek a society somewhat more elevated than that in which his family moved. He was on intimate terms with the three or four attorneys' clerks, with the young man at the bank, with an incipient druggist (afterwards a bankrupt with a copper dividend) who had come down to put a little life into the place, and to take the conceit out of that old buffer, dear old Mr. Mannah; with a few choice selections from behind the drapers' counters; and, above all, with the sergeant-major of the disembodied militia, a quiet and inoffensive but idle man, who, however, under this modest exterior concealed a most impetuous and adventurous character, as he allowed to be perceived sometimes, by his conversation, when he was three parts drunk and off his guard. As his person was not bad-looking, Ben decorated it after the fashion affected by youths of his disposition: he was much given to chains; he wore a many-coloured scarf round his neck with two immense pins stuck there in; his waistcoats were gorgeously patterned; his hat was worn with a peculiar knowing cock, and his hair underneath it was studiously larded and curled. A pretty fellow, some people thought him; women, here and there, no doubt, admired him; he superstitiously believed that he could vanquish the whole sex.

Benjamin had gone to Plymouth to look after some materials which were required at Wetton. He had finished his business, dined, as he thought, elegantly, made himself irresistible, gone to the theatre and ogled the ladies, whom he allowed to have a full view of his waistcoat; finally, entirely satisfied with the events of the day, he had retired to rest. As I have already said, each of these youths was visited that night by a singular and impressive dream. Lieutenant Hardinge woke in a cold perspiration, after having imagined that he saw poor old Saunders lying cruelly crushed and wounded beneath a scaffold from which he had fallen. The young officer saw the crowd collected about the injured man, he saw that his consciousness was leaving him, that his

eyes were glazing in death. It was still dark when he awoke, but so disturbed was he by the vision, that he did not sleep again till after the day had broke. While he lay tossing in bed, he wondered greatly what could have suggested such thoughts to his imagination. He knew old Saunders by sight,—that was all; and he probably would have known nothing about him had he not been the father of that rather showy young man whom nobody in Wetton could help remarking. He might have seen him about a new building or on a scaffold, but he had no recollection of having done so. As the light strengthened, he reflected philosophically on the strange freaks of fancy, decided that this was one of the strangest, and that, as such, it was not worthy of further consideration; so he turned round at last and went off to sleep once more.

Mr. Benjamin Saunders, in the next room, also dreamed a dream. It was revealed to that young man that a young lady, a reputed heiress, residing near Wetton, had fallen violently in love with him, that he had been merciful to her infirmity, and had promised to marry her. He saw the great preparations that were making for the marriage. He saw an endless line of his future bride's (Miss Fulford's) relations who had come to welcome him into the family, and it was in receiving the cordial hand-grasp of a peer of the realm with his coronet on his head, that the sleeper, overcome by delight, awoke and found that he had been deluded by the baseless fabric of a vision. Unlike such fabrics in general, though, this one did leave something of a wrack behind. It raised in the young man's mind an idea which had never entered it before, but an idea which, finding congenial soil, took root there. After his first disappointment at discovering that he had only been dreaming, he began to enjoy a *rifacimento* of the happy trance, going over all its incidents with delight, and feeling again a thrill almost equal to that which woke him, when he came to the peer and the coronet. Then he thought what a strange dream it was; a dream which he did not know to be suggested by any antecedent whatever! A thing coming in this remarkable way must mean something; and why should there be any crooked interpretation? why should it not mean what it figured? Other young women had been captivated by his attractions, and why not Miss Fulford? "If she has a fancy for me,"

thought Benjamin, "I will take care to encourage it; and if she has not, why, perhaps I can inspire one, eh! Yes, yes; this dream shall not be for nothing. I've taken the idea—rather!"

Young Mr. Saunders did not sleep again that morning, but whether he lay thinking a long or a short time before the hour of arising arrived he had no idea. His mind was very agreeably occupied, that was all he knew; and he had formed projects which—although, as we shall see, they were perforce put aside for a time—came to be acted upon at length, and helped to create a good deal of confusion. He had now to dress himself and get ready for business, at which let us leave him for the present.

Lieutenant Hardinge also rose and breakfasted, and then mounted his trap to drive back to Wetton, where his presence was required. When he was about three miles from the town he overtook the curate, who had come out for a constitutional walk or to do some parish work, and requested him to come up into his chariot, which that young ecclesiastic did. Then they spoke of the weather, and the races, and two or three more of the topics contained in the formula usually followed by Englishmen when they meet each other. When these were exhausted Mr. Hardinge said—

"And now that you have achieved a little exercise, I suppose you will go home to your painting?"

"No, indeed," answered the curate; "I should have small chance of making progress with that, if I trusted to practising during the working hours of the day. Duty, I assure you, takes up all my recognized time: if I want to follow an accomplishment I must make time for it. My artist work was done hours ago, while you, probably, were dreaming."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hardinge, abstractedly, for the curate's last word had suddenly forced his ideas into another channel. "Since you speak of dreaming, I must tell you of a remarkable dream which disturbed me considerably last night. You know that shrewd old fellow—what's his name?—the old fellow that's a mason or carpenter, or something of that sort; the father of that hero with the chains and pins, you know?"

"Mr. Saunders the builder, you mean, probably; what of him?"

"Well, he's a man to whom I never to my knowledge gave a thought, and yet I

had a very remarkable and ugly dream concerning him. I thought I saw him on the ground with a crowd around him, dying from a fall off a scaffold."

"Oh, did you? dreams go by contraries, they say. Possibly there may be some good fortune coming to my old acquaintance. He's a prudent and energetic tradesman, and constantly making some good hit or another. The son isn't half so much to my mind, though I fancy he's clever too."

"I never had any dealings with him or even spoke to him, but he seems an arrant puppy."

"Well, perhaps a little forward. Here we are at your gate. Put me down, now, and I'll make my way into town on foot."

"Shan't I drive you?"

"Dear me! by no means."

"Then, if you don't mind waiting a minute or two, I will have the pleasure of walking with you. I am going to the recruiting office."

So they walked on to town together, up Park Street, along Butler's Buildings, and through Monk Alley; but they couldn't get down Church Street for it was blocked by a rather dense crowd.

"Hollo! what's the matter here?" said the curate; and so saying he threaded his way among the people, Hardinge following. "Bad job, I'm afraid, Measter," said an artisan as the clergyman passed. There was a new house being built at the corner, and they were among stone-chippings and poles. "Somebody hurt, seemingly: Good heavens! it's Mr. Saunders."

"What do you say?" eagerly demanded Hardinge, pushing up to where he stood. The shock was dreadful. It was the very scene of his dream. There lay poor Saunders, pale and motionless, his eyes glazing. The doctor was beside him in a few seconds, but he said almost immediately that the man was dying. Ten minutes after, they carried home a corpse upon a plank.

Hardinge was so sick and ill after witnessing this dreadful scene that he asked the curate to walk to his lodgings with him; but the latter, who was domiciled near the church, said they would do better to go into his apartments. Thither they went; and a confusion of books and an unfinished picture having been removed from the sofa, the lieutenant was soon laid thereon, and refreshed with a glass of wine.

"A most remarkable circumstance—

one that deserves to be recorded," observed the young officer after a time.

"A very singular coincidence, no doubt; but they must happen sometimes, you know. Only consider: if events are jostling each other at every moment of time, it would be marvellous if once in a hundred thousand times or so some two or more didn't appear to be related, when, after all, they are but in accidental juxtaposition."

"I can't think that in this case. There were too many circumstances which agreed as being both in the dream and the reality. If I had simply dreamed that the fact had happened, and afterwards found that it had happened, your explanation might have sufficed. But I not only was forewarned of the event, but also of the exact manner of it. I was a spectator of it in my sleep, and so I was when wide awake. The scene, the crowd, were all as I dreamed of them: the position and wan look of the sufferer; even the glazing of the poor fellow's eyes. Oh, it is horrible!"

"Well, try to turn your mind from it just now," said the curate, "and when you can think calmly about it we'll discuss it more closely. If you had not picked me up on the road, you would probably not have mentioned your dream until after its fulfilment."

"Certainly I should not, but I don't feel easy on that head. It seems to me that I should have warned the unfortunate man, as I could have done if I had started from Plymouth an hour earlier; but, you know, I had no sort of acquaintance with him, didn't know his name even, and could therefore never imagine that the dream could have any significance. You treated it lightly yourself when I told you of it, didn't you?"

"I did. I don't suppose I shall ever again speak with levity of a dream of the kind, though I can quite fancy myself giving cautions derived from dreams to all manner of men, and getting laughed at for my credulity; for I imagine that no instance such as this will come within my knowledge again, although I may dream myself, and hear of others dreaming very impressive dreams."

"If only somebody interested in the man had been the dreamer, one might see fitness in a vision of the kind; but for a stranger and a sojourner like me to receive such a revelation passes one's understanding."

The curate, though very much struck

with this dream, was cautious about mentioning it. He did, however, name it to a few of his more intimate friends; indeed, it was through him that I became acquainted with it. Mr. Hardinge never mentioned it at all; not, that is to say, while he abode in Wetton. He had a nervous horror of the subject. If leave of absence had been procurable, he would have sought a diversion of ideas from change of air; but duty required him on the spot just at this time, and so he accepted, with more gratitude than he had ever felt for them before, the invitations which he received to little country parties. Now Hardinge was a rather pleasant and a rather good-looking fellow. Wetton had only lately been made a recruiting station, and he was the first officer that had been quartered in the place. What marvel, then, if Wetton made up its mind that the lieutenant was destined to form a lasting connection with their town; in other words, that he was to take a wife of the daughters of Wetton? Many kindly little coteries there were, which arranged this delicate matter very thoroughly; but as each knot selected a different bride for him, it is evident that a good many of the speculations were destined to fail. One of these juntas, if it didn't quite bring about the result which it contemplated, proved its ability by half doing it. It produced a good deal of misunderstanding and of misery; but those things, it thought, were not chargeable against it, seeing that it had gone so far toward the accomplishment of its idea, and, but for the insensibility of one of the parties, would certainly have brought it about.

Among the company whom the young officer met at different entertainments was Miss Fulford, a lady who has been before mentioned as connected with the dream of Mr. Benjamin Saunders. Miss Fulford was an orphan, with a good property of her own. People were fond of saying that she was a great heiress, but that is what people always say. It may be a mere figure to talk of gilding refined gold; but it is only the naked truth to say that when any comfortable quantity of refined gold finds its way into a person's coffers, that person's neighbours are sure to increase it by a stout multiplier. Miss Fulford, was, moreover, possessed of considerable personal attractions; so that the portion of Wetton society which desired to bestow this young lady upon the lieutenant would have endowed him with the greatest prize

of the neighbourhood. By their profound policy these two young people frequently found themselves sitting next each other at dinners, or suppers, or at the round games then so much the fashion at Wetton; or if there were an excursion into the country, they would be in the same vehicle. Possibly the good gossips rather overdid these couplings. The plot might have worked better if a little more of the management had been left to the parties themselves. Whether or not because the promoters were too eager I cannot say, but it is certain that Mr. Hardinge could never be warmed up to the point of falling in love as they would have had him. He was, however, a polite, agreeable man, with something to say about most of what was going on in the great world. Perhaps to the *Wettonians*, as they called themselves, he may have appeared a more animated and a better informed man than he really was; for they had no one at all of his sort to compare him with. Then he, of course, as became his profession, knew how to be gallant and complimentary, although there was nothing about him of the coxcomb or the lady-killer. But men sometimes involuntarily and unconsciously wander to results which cannot be reached by the arts of others who devote themselves mind and body to the attainment. Hardinge's indifference, which caused him to be entirely natural, and to appear just as for the time he felt, exercised a dangerous influence on the young lady with whom he was so often associated. Miss Fulford found herself taking note of his moods and his words. When he was gay, and more attentive or impressive than usual, she would be elated and unusually complacent; if she thought him absent or dull, she was chagrined. She, after a while, began to watch his manner and to weigh his expressions, imagining that they must be indicative of change of feeling towards herself, when in truth she was entirely unconnected with them. This, one sees, was an unfortunate state of mind for a girl of eighteen to be in. Indeed, Hardinge in his simplicity and innocence was pursuing the very course which, as we learn from a modern teacher of the art of love, or rather of the art of inspiring a passion, is the one for lady-killers to adopt:—

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;

But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving
tropes.

Disguise e'en tenderness, if thou art wise ;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes ;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion
crowns thy hopes.*

The match-makers, I am afraid, had a great deal to answer for in this case. It is true that after having first conceived the grand idea of the connection, they proceeded with much impartiality to instil into the parties concerned a proper sense of what was so ably designed for them. But, inasmuch as Hardinge was a stranger, and not a man given to encourage familiarity from persons with whom he was but slightly acquainted, joking and insinuating had to be done very gently with him. He checked some sallies, and really did not understand others which the natives thought rather smart, and steadily refused to hear the voice of the charmers — rather the charmers were no charmers for him, for he did not discern, and made no endeavour to discern, their object. It was different with Miss Fulford. She could not act the deaf adder to Wetton wit and Wetton playfulness. If these were a little broad and plain, was she not "to the manner born"? and were not all those who nodded and supposed, and "knew they couldn't be deceived," her relations and acquaintances, who surely might, if anybody might, use a little freedom of speech? Neither did these soft impeachments seem altogether unpleasant to the young lady, who put aside the raillery so as not at all to give the idea that it pained or offended her.

Now there resided in Wetton a certain *demoiselle* named Lydia Tarroway. Miss Lydia, I have some reason to think, would herself have had no objection to a little admiration or attention from the young officer, and there was a section of Wettonians who selected her for his lady-love, although her backers were neither numerous nor influential. She was older than Miss Fulford, and evinced a good deal of affectionate curiosity as to "whether there was anything in" the rumoured affair between her and Hardinge. While she was beating about to start information on this head, and laying all sorts of little innocent plots to make people communicative who were likely to have been at all behind the scenes, and

to worm opinions out of persons who were regarded as shrewd observers, and constructors — persons who, if they chanced to see a young man and woman together for five minutes, would out of that little glimpse put together an affecting idyl, just as an expert naturalist, if you show him a rare bone, will forthwith furnish a restoration of the whole skeleton to which it belonged, — while she was thus conducting a little private inquiry business, there occurred one of those encouraging accidents which do sometimes assist earnest inquirers after knowledge. Miss Tarroway was invited to dine at Colkaton (that was the name of Miss Fulford's place), where Mr. Hardinge also was to be a guest; and, as she had not always a *chaperone* to take her out, she was to make a little visit of a day or two. It would be strange now if she could not discover how matters stood.

Mrs. Fulford — for Miss Fulford did not of course live quite alone — had arranged so that her daughter might be led to the dinner-table by the lieutenant. She had a Devonshire squire to sit at her own right hand and carve for her; and she had been mindful of Lydia Tarroway, and provided her an escort in Mr. Norcott, who is our friend the curate. It was a tolerably large party, and the accidents of the procession to the board would have taken Mr. Norcott and his charge to the same side of the table as Miss Fulford, had not Lydia remembered that she should certainly faint if she sat near the fire, and besought another couple to change places. By this stratagem — of which she despised the cost, to wit, shivering all through dinner so that she could hardly keep her teeth from chattering, and afterwards having a bad bronchial attack, for she was a chilly and delicate young woman — she sat opposite the supposed lovers, and so had a full view of their bearing towards each other. And very cleverly she made her observations. It would not have been at all consonant to her feelings to show any want of attention to Mr. Norcott, and so she kept up an animated conversation with him about poultry, dissent, choral music, the last new tale by the author of "Waverley," the wholesomeness or otherwise of scalded cream, painting, the recent wrestling-match, and a variety of other topics; but all the while she had one eye, or some sense that was as good as an eye, taking note of what was going on across the table, and another mind besides that

* "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

which was at the service of Mr. Norcott, marking, weighing, and deciding the state of the love case.

It has often struck me in these latter days, that women make a mistake when, in seeking to prove their rights to an equality with the other sex, they compete with men on the latter's own ground. They take up subjects, and try experiments which are strange and new to them, while to men they are familiar, thus giving the males a strong pull. Now, why don't they rest their pretensions on things which they can do and men can't? For instance, why don't they challenge the dominant gender to perform two operations of the mind at the same time—to keep up a brisk discussion about all things whatsoever, and certain others, while they watch like cats, and record, compare, and appraise the words, looks, and gestures of certain persons sitting apart from them, whom, for the moment, they are pleased to admire, or hate, or rival, or to be otherwise interested in? I should like to see how many points the *soi-disant* superior animals would make at a game like this. Cannot one fancy the clumsy exposure of their aims, the absences of mind, the impertinent listening and staring, and at other times the total failure of observation they would betray, as, vainly attempting to steer a smooth middle course between the different objects of attention, they would attend properly to neither, but be drawn to them alternately and irregularly—now bumping against Scylla, now sucked away to Charybdis? Does not one see how feeble, useless, and transparent they would be while labouring after such an accomplishment, and from what an immense height of ability the ladies might look down upon and pity such puny achievement? These are the kinds of contests whereby to make man feel how little he is by the side of the subtler instinct. When Richard, you know, had severed an iron mace with his two-handed sword, Saladin was not such a fool as to rival him in rough smashing; no—he sliced a thin gauze veil by making it dance on his scimitar's edge. And Richard could no more give the fine cut to the veil than the Sultan could chop up pig-iron! A word to the wise (I mean to the ladies) will be sufficient.

But in Miss Tarraway's young days nobody had heard of woman's rights and wrongs, and she could only exercise her keen wits for utility: there was, at that slow period, no open rivalry with creation's lords, so she could not use her tal-

ents in contention. She made good use of them nevertheless, as has been said. It was dull weather, with an irritating east wind, and Hardinge was taciturn and absent; he seemed hungry too, or else he ate to fill up the time and escape conversation. His fair neighbour was at first full of life and chat; but her spirits were naturally chilled (as whose would not be?) by finding how little sympathetic fire she could kindle. Miss Fulford, however, was too pleasant a girl to fall into sullenness, or to let it be seen that she was disappointed or discomposed. She turned the matter off for a while by talking to the person on the other side of her, and to Norcott across the table; and when she found that Hardinge could not be piqued into brisk discourse, and was rather addressing himself to the good creatures on which the curate had so impressively asked a blessing, she vented her mortification in inviting him to eat, and in causing all manner of dishes to be handed to him, of many of which he partook, not seeming to be quite aware of what he was doing. None of the little scene was lost on Miss Tarraway, who drew her own inferences, and decided that, courtship or not, Mr. Hardinge's affections were not very deeply engaged. About Miss Fulford, she was not so clear. It was doubtful whether she was inducing him to eat as jesting with his apparent appetite, or because she was wounded in spirit. Any lively young woman would, of course, be nettled by such insensibility as the lieutenant evinced; but to have one's vanity a little chafed, and to be heart-sick for unrequited affection, were very different things. However, Miss Lydia had found out something of the case, and she meant to find out all of it before returning home. Meanwhile she secured in the drawing-room a warm corner to make amends for her frigid seat at dinner, and she sat next Mr. Hardinge at *commerce*, and, finding plenty of people to talk to, let him indulge his humour and talk or not as he chose. He had, however, thawed a little by this time, and was more genial; seeing which, Miss Fulford was persuaded in her heart that his behaviour at dinner was intended to be a pointed exhibition of indifference to her. So she passed a rather uncomfortable evening, but took care not to let her disappointment appear—rattling away, and doing the honours of her house unflinchingly.

As people in those days dined tolerably early and sat tolerably late, the

young hostess's patience was subjected to a weary ordeal. But the hour at length came when the whist-party had played their last rubber, an old gentleman who had won it and lost every former one being radiant with his victory. The round game had been shut up some time before; and the party was taking some refreshment preparatory to separating. As Hardinge came to say his *adieux*, he seemed to have found his tongue again, and stood a few minutes talking to Mrs. Fulford and afterwards to her daughter, whom he expressed a wish of meeting and dancing with at a coming quadrille-party. His affability stirred up the young lady's emotions yet again; she found an excuse for, and forgave, his previous coldness, and gave her hand to him graciously as he departed; she was inclined to hope once more. "Let us talk it over, Gertrude," said Miss Taraway; "do you mind my coming in to see you, dear, before we go to bed?"

"Do come, Lydia dear," answered Miss Fulford — "I shall be delighted;" though it is doubtful whether this may not have been too strong an expression, as she certainly had a yearning to be alone with her own thoughts.

"What a delicious fire!" exclaimed Lydia, as she drew her easy-chair close up to the hearth and put her feet on the fender. "This is such a dear, comfortable house!"

"Do you know, Lydia," answered Gertrude, "I was quite unhappy all through dinner at your being so far from the grate. You looked quite as if you were suffering from cold."

"Did I? La! now, how odd! Do you know, my dear, I thought it one of the very pleasantest parties, and I enjoyed it so much! Mr. Norcott is a very agreeable young man, too, isn't he?"

"We think so, surely, or we shouldn't have given him to you. He has plenty to say, and he says it nicely. He isn't bad-looking either, is he?"

"No, indeed; and that is really more than can be said of most of our young men, for certainly they are rather an ordinary set. I don't say it ill-naturedly, you know; I include my brother Phil and all. You are going to the Harveys' dance on Friday, aren't you? I'm going. They made me promise, but I fear it will be stupid. The Parker party from Plymouth can't come, which will make it dull. That young Harry Parker is a delightful young man — so stylish, so agreeable; quite fascinating, I call him.

Oh, wasn't that a frightful thing of poor Mr. Saunders? Mr. Norcott told me he positively saw him dying. I was so shocked when I heard of it: it was told to us just at dinner-time; I declare I couldn't eat a bit — not a morsel. It *was* so dreadful."

In this way did Lydia run on for half an hour or so, showing no sign of being about to retire, when Gertrude, who was not quite so full of prattle, remarked —

"I don't know how it is that I get so sleepy Lydia dear, but we were up late last night, and have had a fatiguing day. I am afraid you find me stupid; but I shan't be more lively till I've slept. Dear me! I'm quite ashamed of yawning: You'll excuse me, won't you, Lydia?"

LYDIA. — "Oh, and I've been so selfish and inconsiderate to sit here boring you. I *am* so sorry" (*taking her feet from the fender, and gathering her robe about her, as if preparing to depart*).

GERTRUDE. — "Pray, Lydia, pray don't imagine I'm tired of you. Don't for anything disturb yourself; only I'm so stupid, and we breakfast so early."

LYDIA. — "Of course, dear. It's quite time to go to bed, too, isn't it? Dear me! past one. I never! How cold those young men must have found it driving home! In an open trap, too" (*shuddering*). "ho — o — o — o — o, — what creatures men are! I hope it isn't true that we are likely to lose Mr. Hardinge."

GERTRUDE. — "Lose Mr. Hardinge? — how, when? what do you mean?"

LYDIA. — "Oh, nothing, you know; only they said something about his joining his regiment. Well, good night, Gertrude; I really *will* go now. I'm so sorry I kept you up."

GERTRUDE. — "Nay, Lydia, you mistake, I assure you; I do so love to hear you talk. Sit a little longer, I implore you. Do tell me what this is about Mr. Hardinge. He never said a word of it at dinner. Did he tell you?"

LYDIA. — "He didn't say a word of anything at dinner, I think, did he? You're *quite* sure I'm not wearying you? Well, let me see: was it Mr. Hardinge? No, I don't think he told me. It must have been — No, it wasn't. Oh, I know. It was Mr. Thorne — and he knew, of course."

GERTRUDE. — "Why, of course, dear?"

LYDIA. — "Oh, he's an officer, too, you know; he's in the militia."

GERTRUDE (*with immense contempt*). — "The militia!"

LYDIA.—“Well, dear, the militia. Isn't one officer as likely to be well informed as another?”

GERTRUDE (*as if she were already the lady of a distinguished leader of the regular forces*).—“No, Lydia; I should think not. In the military world the militia are not looked upon as soldiers at all, I assure you.”

LYDIA.—“Oh, there you mistake, dear, I am certain. Harry Parker is in the militia; and a handsomer, genteeler, man or a nicer partner, is not to be found in any part of the army.”

GERTRUDE.—“But this Mr. Thorne: what did the creature say?”

LYDIA.—“Why, the creature, as you call him, Gertrude, said that Mr. Hardinge had been for some time employed recruiting at another place before he was sent here, and that they can't be away from their regiments for more than a fixed time. And so Mr. Hardinge will soon have to go away, and we shall have another officer here, perhaps a more conversable one.”

GERTRUDE.—“I don't believe that Mr. Thorne knows anything about the matter. We must have heard of it if Mr. Hardinge had been likely to leave us soon. Of course it's of very little consequence whether he does or not: but I should like to show you that these militia gentlemen know nothing about these things. I'll inquire about it and let you know.”

LYDIA.—“No, Gertrude, dear: it was I who made the assertion. Wouldn't it be nicer if I were to inquire about it and let you know?”

GERTRUDE.—“Well, dear, if you like: but you'll be sure to tell me?”

LYDIA.—“That I will: I wouldn't keep you anxious for the world.”

GERTRUDE.—“I mean only that I should like to prove that the militia don't know.”

LYDIA.—“Exactly: I quite understand. By the way, whom do you think the gossips have given Mr. Hardinge to? You'll never guess.”

GERTRUDE.—“Really! Who? Do tell me.”

LYDIA.—“Oh, it's too absurd, you know. And, dear me! look at the time-piece. I'm so ashamed. Good night, dear.” (*Offering to kiss her.*)

GERTRUDE.—“Oh, don't go, Lydia. It's quite early. I hardly ever go to bed till much after this. And the fire's burning so bright. There, I'll put on a little more coal. It's so cosy. Don't go.”

LYDIA.—“So kind of you, dear. But you're tired, I know, and you were up late last night. I really have not the conscience.”

GERTRUDE.—“Your lively conversation has quite driven away drowsiness, and it's a thousand times more agreeable than sleep. There now, put up your feet again. You were saying they had got up some silly match for Mr. Hardinge.”

LYDIA.—“Oh, some rubbish, probably without a grain of truth in it. I wish I hadn't mentioned it. There, we *must* go to bed now. Good night.”

GERTRUDE.—“Do tell me, dear.”

LYDIA (*kissing and breaking away*).—“Another time perhaps, but positively we mustn't begin talking again. I will release you now. Pleasant dreams—”

And Miss Lydia withdrew to her apartment saying to herself, “So the love's all on her side, is it! I didn't think Gertrude was so deep. It is quite possible that *he* may admire somebody else. I don't think he cares for her, notwithstanding her money.”

At this time the subject of her speculations had been some time enjoying a sound sleep. The curate and he had had cigars together, talked over the party, which they voted not very lively, then separated and gone to rest, their minds not particularly occupied with the young ladies in whose company they had spent the evening.

Poor Saunders was carried to his last home, followed or attended by nearly everybody in Wetton. It was a certainty in that ancient town that any one hurried away by a sudden or violent death would have a crowded funeral; and as we know that in Mr. Saunders's case there was to be added to the suddenness of his end the great respect which had been felt for him when living, none will wonder that the concourse was large. It was not, however, allowed to be an unregulated crowd, pushing, blocking the streets, or perhaps inadvertently incommoding the poor mourners: no—that, I am happy to say, had been provided against. It was known that everybody would be there; and so it was arranged that all who could be reduced to any sort of order should have places assigned them,—and this was the way of it: The Tradesmen's Club (of which the deceased had of course been a leading member) would “walk,”—that is, follow the funeral in procession: but inasmuch as there were Wettonians who were not of the Club, the freemasons would see their departed brother interred

with masonic honours; and inasmuch as masons with their insignia gave a very public character to the solemnity, it was thought advisable to head the procession with the Wetton band (which, I need not mind saying, was the band of the disembodied militia, only wearing plain clothes, except such of them as were entitled to masonic decorations): again, as clubmen, masons, and bandsmen did not comprehend all the Wettonians, youthful Wetton was encouraged to be present in schools and choirs: moreover, inasmuch as there would yet remain an unmarshalled remnant, not of the most orderly, it was made known by Tom Ashlant, the bruiser of the place, through his attorneys and agents, that "if he seed any darned feller" (so Mr. Ashlant was pleased to express himself) "deuin' uv anythin' unproper like, he would knock hes teu eyes into one after 'twes all auver." So all the world was thus brought under control except a one-eyed boy, who was timid and orderly, and not likely to take advantage of his being *ultra vires*.

We may think what we will of Wetton's mode of giving effect to its desires; but this, at any rate, I can say, that Wetton's desire was to show the highest respect for its lost townsman, and to inter his remains with as much solemn *éclat* as was possible. Wetton knew that Saunders's place would not be adequately filled by his successor; and even on the way back from the churchyard, serious groups discussed the probable new state of things.

"Dest tho' think they'll put young Ben into the Corporation?" asked an artisan.

"No that I know by," answered his friend. "What shud they dew wi' *he* to Guildhall? Giv' en zome bear's fat to grease his wig wi', and a weskert spotted wi' scarlet, an' yellor, an' blew, like the door o' Jan Mattheys the penter's shop, and he would n' care to be a Alderman ner a Mayor nither."

"Likely nat. Should n' wonder if Splitfig the grocer get 'lected. I seed en a struttin' along jes' this minnit wi' his mason's aporn, as if he was a Lord Mayor or a Jestiss a'ready. Ben'll be like to carry on the buildin' trade now, won't a?"

"If he hev a got the wit. But Ben can't look arter work like th' oul' man. He never larned the tricks o' the trade, an' every feul a'most could desav en. Reckon Measter Ben 'll kip hesself up vor a soart of a show chap, sittin' in a dandy coat, an' makin' of his bow, an'

'grizzlin' behind a desk with a big book upon en."

"An' whew's to overlook?"

"Darned ef I knaw. Very like there'll be a voreman, but 'tis onpossible vor me to say. Us mus' wait an' zee."

"The Mistus now may hev something to zay to the busin'ss: us never thort o' that."

"No more us didn't; well, her may hev to dew wi' et for sartain, an' ef her dew, things won't go on noan the wuss, I reckon."

Now this last thought about "the Mistus" was not far wide of the mark; for the business was so left that it was to be carried on for the present in Mrs. Saunders's name, which meant that she would have an extensive controlling power — for she hadn't lived thirty years with "her poor master," as she called him, without learning the value of vigilance and management. Mrs. Saunders knew, too, that Benjamin would not do for an overseer, and so she lost no time in procuring an able foreman. Perhaps this arrangement was all the more readily made by reason of a hope that her son was destined to distinguish himself in some line higher than a builder's.

Now it happened that, not long after the family's bereavement, Mrs. and Miss Fulford had occasion to call at the little office which hung on to Mrs. Saunders's house, and separated it from the great double gates leading into the building yard. The widow sate alone in the room with her spectacles on, doing, or trying to do, some plain sewing work, but pausing continually, and laying the work in her lap as one distressing thought after another crossed her mind. When Mrs. Fulford spoke very sympathizingly to her, and asked after her health, the poor woman tried to answer bravely, but broke down, and wept before many words were uttered.

"I feel but poorly, thank you kindly, ma'am. 'Tis very whist any one findin' theirselves alone in the world, and that so suddent; but there! 'twas the Lord's will that afflicted I should be, and what use complainin'? Many and many happy years I knowed — me and one that's gone; and now things is turned. Forgive me, ma'am; I shouldn't take on this way. I trust you are well yourself, ma'am; and Miss Fulford. Well, the time do pass, dear, dear! It seems like yester-day that you was a little thing like, a-running by the side of the governess."

* Grinning.

"Time does pass, Mrs. Saunders. I can hardly believe that my daughter is a woman. There she is, however, as tall as myself, and putting that matter quite beyond a doubt."

"Sure, sure; and it's likely now you've called about some work that's wantin' to Colkatton."

"Well, yes, indeed; we have come to see what can be done to make the dining-room a little warmer. There's a large grate, but somehow those who sit opposite it hardly feel the heat. It must be of a bad pattern or badly fixed."

"The very thing that my poor dear master was so fortunate with; excoose me, ma'am, again; I have no doubt we can find out what's amiss. Somebody shall go out and look to it."

And the two ladies left.

At supper that evening Mrs. Saunders did not fail to mention the visit to her son, and in doing so she expressed herself very gratefully for the feeling manner in which Mrs. Fulford had consoled with her. The young man who, as may be supposed, was dull and sorrowful enough, roused himself at the mention of the name, and asked what the ladies came for, which of course he was told.

"And they was kind and comforting in their words to you, was they, mother? I really believe that *is* a good girl, and deserving of a little attention, which is more than can be said for many of 'em."

"Good girl!" echoed Mrs. Saunders; "she's a pleasant young lady, and they're kind people, and good customers. That is not the way your poor father would have spoken, Benjamin. You've got to think about the business now, my son, and must be partickler how you talk about the gentry."

But Benjamin was not thinking of the business just at that moment. An imagination which his father's awful death had banished from his mind was now moving back to establish itself in its old quarters. The coroneted peer, with his friendly grasp, passed again before his mind's eye, and the great destiny which he thought he was equal to carving out for himself, got possession of his thoughts.

"Yes," said Benjamin, addressing his own fancy rather than replying to his mother's remark; "she's about the best girl of the lot, and I've no doubt will make a fine, stylish, showy woman, if she gets a husband that's worthy of her."

Mrs. Saunders didn't know whether this meant undutifulness, or want of

brains, or absence of mind; but whatever was the matter was more than she could bear in her present shattered state, and she burst into tears. Benjamin behaved properly on the occasion. He endeavoured to soothe his parent, and expressed a hope that he had not said or done anything to distress her, protesting that he had been intent on some subject which had come into his head, and had not taken in the meaning of what she said. Whereupon Mrs. Saunders was pacified, and renewed her admonition concerning the relation of those in business to the gentry.

"All right, mother," said the youth — "it's a trick I've fallen into; but I'll be careful, never fear. Now about this fireplace; I'll ride out and have a look at it to-morrow."

"You, Benjamin?"

"Me, mother. You said, they'd been kind, and showed feelin' for us, and it'll look complimentary if I go out and take the orders myself. John Bray can be there waiting in case there should be anything about the flues or the grate that I don't understand. But they'll think it civil of me if I go myself; and besides, I must begin and move about a little now, and not leave everything to the men."

This last sentiment was entirely agreeable to Mrs. Saunders, who began to think that a sense of his responsibilities was dawning in the young man's mind. Of course she sanctioned his going to Colkatton.

And Benjamin went, attired in his best suit of mourning, which garb, as it did not admit of chains and bright contrasts, happily restrained his efflorescence. He, of course, thought this a disadvantage; and he endeavoured to do himself compensatory justice by an extra larding of pomatum. The unguent, however, compared with the ornaments and colours, was but as the genie of the ring to the genie of the lamp; and so imperfectly by its means did the youth express his mind, that the footman who opened the door mistook him for a gentleman, politely informed him that Mrs. Fulford was at home, and in respectful accents asked whose name he should take in. He was, however, a little affrighted from his propriety when he heard it.

"Saunders! What! on business, sir?"

"Yes — a — that is — I called to look at a part of the building. Mrs. Fulford understands."

"Mr. Saunders the mason, isn't it?" said the flunkey, who felt that he could

never, never forgive himself, and that the two of them (that is, he and self), though unable to separate, must maintain a constrained intimacy through time and eternity. "Well, just take a seat here. I know Madam can't be spoke to for a few minutes. I'll let her know after a bit;" with which remark, uttered with his back towards Benjamin, the attendant hastily disappeared, determined that when the visitor should ring again, as he would be obliged to do, the manner of his reception should not only blot out all memory of former deference, but should evince such an amount of retributive *sang froid* as would effectually restore his equilibrium.

Thus rudely left to himself, Mr. Saunders did not, of course, seat himself on a hall-chair as he had been bidden to do; he stood about in some of his best attitudes, paced the hall two or three times, examined statues and curiosities, looked through the window at a peacock on the grass (a bird which had some title to his notice, as they had many dispositions in common), and at length bethought him of charging his friend the footman with a reminder; but before taking that step he confronted a mirror which hung in the apartment, to ascertain whether he could in any way add dignity to his presence, and by that look he averted the interview with the functionary; and altogether baffled the fiendish vengeance which the latter had imagined. For, as he was adjusting a lock of hair, a door opened behind him, and he beheld the reflection of Miss Fulford, who had entered the hall. This was awkward. Benjamin's first resolution was, or rather his instinct prompted him, to make some passing remark about the wind having blown his hat off and made him unfit to appear, a subtlety which his greasy sleek locks would have shown to be of the very weakest if it had been offered. But the young lady, who was as little moved as if she had but seen him scraping his boots, stifled in its birth the smart explanation which was meditated, by speaking quietly. She ought, he considered, to have smirked or giggled, and so given opportunity for his remarks, instead of saying—

"Oh, you are Mr. Saunders, are you not? and come, I suppose, to see about the dining-room grate. My mother unfortunately has just walked out. If you had arrived five minutes sooner, you could have seen her."

The only possible reply to this was, that he had been in the house four times

five minutes; and when he said this, Benjamin felt thankful that he had not uttered the little fable about the blowing off of his hat; for, if he had, he would have stood convicted of having been all that time before the glass, whereas now it might be supposed that he had only taken a passing glance at himself—a very excusable indulgence, it seemed to him, when the reflection was so well worth looking at. Miss Fulford, however, evidently did not trouble herself about his manner of employing himself since his arrival, but thought it very strange that no mention had been made of him, little guessing how grievously the self-esteem of her footman had been bruised, and that this delay had been necessary to the healing thereof. "However," said she, "I think I can show you what is the matter: will you just come this way? Now, this is the room, you see, and any one would think the grate would hold a fire large enough to warm it; but really, when the weather is at all cold, hardly any heat can be perceived a yard or two off."

Saunders guessed immediately what was the matter, and, talking of a subject which he understood, he was soon comparatively at his ease again. "I can't be quite certain till I've had the grate taken out that things are as I say," observed the youth, after a long explanation; "but I think I can promise that the room will be more comfortable after we've—he, he—doctored it according to my prescription" (the young fellow was fast recovering his easy, sparkling style); but if we can't effect a perfect cure of the old concern, then I shall recommend to have it took out, and put a radiator in its place."

"I'm sure I hope you'll do something effectual," answered the young lady. "I'm almost frozen when I sit on the further side of the table."

"Nothing," said the gallant Benjamin, "is so trying to beauty as to be pinched with the cold. It shan't be my fault, Miss Fulford, if you have to complain of the coldness of the room again. I shall make it my particular duty to attend to your wishes." While he was thus neatly working up towards a proper footing, and letting her see that his mind was worthy of the choice casket which contained it, the young lady left the room, to return again immediately, he did not doubt. He hoped that she had retired for an instant, just to compose her countenance after that aptly turned compliment—or, at the least, that she had gone to order

him refreshment. Therefore it gave him some disappointment to see his friend the footman enter, and to hear that functionary say, in a tone which did not indicate extreme deference —

"I say, when be you a-goin' to make a mess in this here room—to-day or to-morrow?"

"I've explained what is necessary to Miss Fulford," replied Benjamin, with some hauteur.

"Oh, you hev, hev yew? Then yew hev'n't a done it well, for her it is that wants to know when yew'm goin' to begin."

"The men can begin at any time, so far as I'm concerned: but you'll want to raise the carpet and cover up some of the furniture first. You'd better have it ready by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, very well. The men's yew, I s'pose: and a nasty sooty job yew'm likely to hev. I say, if yew find it thirsty work yew may step out towards the pantry, and p'raps there'll be a horn o' ale there."

Benjamin would not, at that moment, have objected to the use of a little personal violence towards this unpleasant domestic. He refrained himself, however, and in stately silence left the house, and relieved John Bray, who had been holding the animal all this time, of the charge of his horse.

"It seems to have been fated," Gertrude said to herself, "that I should be troubled by somebody this afternoon. It cost me some pains to escape that stupid old admiral, and then I must fall into the way of this vulgar fellow!" the meaning of which soliloquy was, that Admiral Tautbrance and his two daughters had been calling at Colkaton that afternoon; and that the old gentleman, who said he never could have enough of Miss Fulford's company, had proposed that her mother and she should accompany their visitors some way through the grounds, making that their afternoon stroll. Mrs. Fulford had assented, much to the annoyance of her daughter; and the latter, after retiring with the elder lady, as if to prepare for the walk, had excused herself. The admiral was a near neighbour, and the owner of a small property, to which he conceived that the lands of Colkaton would form an appropriate addition. He was rather an agreeable old gentleman than otherwise; and, as long as his gallantries appeared aimless, Gertrude rather liked him, and the two lone ladies were wont to consult him and lean upon him.

But of late his admiration had been marked; and his pointed attentions Miss Fulford would probably at no time have appreciated: now that she was agitated by an affection whose requital was somewhat doubtful, they were distasteful in a high degree. I have often reflected upon this poor girl's lot, apparently so cruel and undeserved. Here were her friends busying themselves to create in her an attachment to a young man about whom they knew very little, and who might for a variety of reasons be unwilling to return such affection: here were two aspirants, an elderly gentleman who might have been a grandfather, and a presuming vulgar tradesman, each entertaining designs upon herself and fortune: and here was the swain who could have made her happy by his love, and to whose desert she and her fortune were far more than equal, just letting things go wrong from sheer insensibility; for I firmly believe that if he had been brought to seriously consider the advantages which might have been his, he would not have been such a fool as to decline them. If *he*, now, had dreamed what Mr. Benjamin Saunders dreamed about her, I think things would have turned out differently. I can't help believing that the dream was sent by some power friendly to Gertrude, and that, out of carelessness, or out of spite, it missed its way.

From Nature.

THE ACOUSTIC TRANSPARENCY AND OPACITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

II.

WE have now to consider the complementary side of the phenomena. A stratum of air, 3 miles thick, on a perfectly calm day, has been proved competent to stifle both the cannonade and the horn-sounds employed at the South Foreland; while the observations just recorded, one and all, point to the mixture of air and aqueous vapour as the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon. Such a mixture could fill the atmosphere with an impervious *acoustic cloud* on a day of perfect *optical* transparency. But, granting this, it is incredible that so great a body of sound could utterly disappear in so short a distance, without rendering any account of itself. Supposing, then, instead of placing ourselves behind the acoustic cloud, we were to place ourselves in front of it, might we not, in accordance with

the law of conservation, expect to receive by reflection the sound which had failed to reach us by transmission? The case would then be strictly analogous to the reflection of light from an ordinary cloud to an observer placed between it and the sun.

My first care, in the early part of the day in question, was to assure myself that our inability to hear the sound did not arise from any derangement of the instruments. At one P.M. I was rowed to the shore, and landed at the base of the South Foreland cliff. The body of air which had already shown such extraordinary power to intercept sound, and which manifested this power still more impressively later in the day, was now in front of us. On it the sonorous waves impinged, and from it they were sent back to us with astonishing intensity. The instruments, hidden from view, were on the summit of a cliff 235 feet above us, the sea was smooth and clear of ships, the atmosphere was without a cloud, and there was no object in sight which could possibly produce the observed effect. From the perfectly transparent air the echoes came, at first with a strength apparently but little less than that of the direct sound, and then dying gradually and continuously away. The remark of my companion, Mr. Edwards, was: "Beyond saying that the echoes seemed to come from the expanse of ocean, it did not appear possible to indicate any more definite point of reflection." Indeed, no such point was to be seen; the echoes reached us as if by magic, from absolutely invisible walls. Arago's notion that clouds are necessary to produce atmospheric echoes is therefore untenable.

The reflection from aerial surfaces has never been experimentally demonstrated. It is wholly a matter of inference, and I wished very much to reduce it to demonstration. I made one or two rough experiments on the transmission of sound through a series of flames; and no doubt by proper arrangement such experiments might be made successful. I then thought that alternate layers of carbonic acid and coal gas, the one rising by its lightness, the other falling by its weight, would supply a heterogeneous medium suitable for the demonstration. To my assistant, Mr. Cottrell, who possesses in an eminent degree the skill of devising apparatus, I communicated this idea, leaving the realization of it wholly

to him, and he has carried it out in the most admirable manner.

During my recent visit to the United States I accompanied General Woodruff, the engineer in charge of two of the lighthouse districts, to the establishments at Staten Island and Sandy Hook, with the express intention of observing the performance of the steam-syren, which, under the auspices of Prof. Henry, has been introduced into the lighthouse system of the United States. Such experiments as were possible to make under the circumstances were made, and I carried home with me a somewhat vivid remembrance of the mechanical effect of the sound of the steam-syren upon my ears and body generally. This I considered to be greater than the similar effect produced by the horns of Mr. Holmes; hence the desire, on my part, to see the syren tried at the South Foreland. The formal expression of this desire was anticipated by the Elder Brethren, while their wishes were in turn anticipated by the courteous kindness of the Lighthouse Board at Washington. Informed by Major Elliott that our experiments had begun, the Board forwarded to the Corporation, for trial, the noble instrument now mounted at the South Foreland. The principle of the syren is easily understood. A musical sound is produced when the tympanic membrane is struck periodically with sufficient rapidity. The production of these tympanic shocks by puffs of air was first realized by Dr. Robison. But the syren itself is the invention of Cagniard de la Tour. He employed a box with a perforated lid, and above the lid a similarly perforated disc, capable of rotation. The perforations were oblique, so that when wind was driven through the disc was set in motion. When the perforations coincided a puff escaped, when they did not coincide the current of air was cut off. The regular succession of impulses thus imparted to the air produce a musical note. Even in its small form, the instrument is capable of producing sounds of great intensity. The syren has been improved upon by Dove, and notably developed by Helmholtz.

In the steam syren patented by Mr. Brown of New York, a fixed disc and a rotatory disc are also employed, radial slits being cut in both discs instead of circular apertures. One disc is fixed across the throat of a trumpet-shaped tube, 16 1-2 ft. long, 5 in. diameter where the

disc crosses it, and gradually opening out till at the other extremity it reaches a diameter of 2 ft. 3 in. Behind the fixed disc is the rotating one, which is driven by separate mechanism. The trumpet is mounted on a boiler. In our experiments steam of 70 lbs. pressure has for the most part been employed. Just as in the air-syren, when the radial slits of the two discs coincide, a puff of steam escapes. Sound-waves of great intensity are thus sent through the air; the pitch of the note produced depending on the rapidity with which the puffs succeed each other; in other words, upon the velocity of rotation.

On October 8 I remained some time at the Foreland, listening to the echoes. Of the horn echoes I have already spoken: those of the syren were still more extraordinary. Like the others they were perfectly continuous, and faded as if into the distance gradually away. The single sound seemed rendered complex and multitudinous by its echoes, which resembled a band of trumpeters first responding close at hand, and then retreating rapidly from us towards the coast of France. The syren echoes had eleven seconds' duration, those of the horn eight seconds. With sounds of the same pitch the duration of the echo might be taken as a measure of the penetrative power of the sound.

I moved away from the station so as to lower the power of the direct sound. This was done by dropping into the sound-shadow behind an adjacent eminence. The echoes heard thus were still more wonderful than before. In the case of the syren, moreover, the reinforcement of the direct sound by the echo was distinct. One second after the commencement of the syren blast, the echo struck in as a new sound. This first echo, therefore, must have been flung back by a body of air not more than 600 or 700 feet in thickness.

There appears to be a direct connection between the duration of the echoes and the distance penetrated by the sound. On October 17 the perfect clearness of the afternoon caused me to choose it for the examination of the echoes. The echoes of that day, when our transmitted sound reached its maximum, exceeded in duration those of all other days. We heard the syren fifteen miles off. On the close of the day we found its echoes fourteen to fifteen seconds in duration, this long duration indicating the distance from which they were thrown back.

The visual clearness of the atmosphere on the morning of Oct. 8 was very great, the coast of France was very plainly seen, the Griser lighthouse, and the monument and cathedral of Boulogne, were distinctly visible to the naked eye. At 5 1-4 miles from the station, the horn was heard feebly, the syren clearly. At 2.30 P.M., a densely black scowl overspread the heavens to the W.S.W. At this hour, the distance being 6 miles, the horn was heard very feebly, the syren more distinctly, all being hushed on board during the observations. A squall now approached us from the west. In the Alps, or elsewhere, I have rarely seen the heavens blacker. Vast cumuli floated in the N.E. and S.E.; vast streamers of rain were seen descending W.N.W.; huge scrolls of clouds to the N.

At 7 miles' distance the syren was not strong, and the horn was very feeble.

The heavy rain at length reached us, but although it was falling all the way between us and the Foreland, the sound, instead of being deadened, rose perceptibly in power. Hail was now added to the rain, and the shower reached a tropical violence. We stopped. In the midst of this furious squall both the horn and the syren were distinctly heard, and as the shower lightened, thus lessening the local pattering, the sounds so rose in power that we heard them at a distance of 7 1-2 miles distinctly louder than they had been heard through the rainless atmosphere at five miles. This observation is entirely opposed to the statement of Derham, which has been repeated by all writers since his time, regarding the stifling influence of falling rain upon sound. But it harmonizes perfectly with our experience of July 3, which proved water in a state of *vapour* so mixed with air as to form non-homogeneous parcels, to be a most potent influence as regards the stoppage of sound. Prior to the violent shower, the air had been in this flocculent condition, but the descent of the rain and hail restored in part the homogeneity of the atmosphere, and augmented its transmissive power. There may be states of the atmosphere associated with rain unfavourable to sound, but to rain itself I have never been able to trace the slightest deadening effect.

The observations continued till November 25. Up to that date we had no fog, but the experience of July 1 and of October 30, entirely destroys the notion that optical transparency and acoustic transparency go hand-in-hand. Both were

days of haze sufficiently thick to hide the cliffs of the Foreland, but on the former the sounds reached 12 3-4, and on the latter 11 1-2 miles.

Reflection from the particles of fog and haze has been hitherto held to blot out sound. The late dense fog in London enabled experiments to be made which entirely controvert this conclusion. On December 10 I made some experiments over the Serpentine. The fog was very dense. Mr. Cottrell stood on the walk below the south-west end of the bridge dividing Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens, while I went to the eastern end of the Serpentine. He blew a dog-whistle, and an organ-pipe sounding M_{13} , which corresponds to 380 waves a second. I heard both distinctly. I then changed places with him, and listening attentively at the bridge, heard for a time the distinct blast of the whistle only. The organ-pipe at length sent its deeper note to me across the water. It sometimes rose to great distinctness, and sometimes fell to inaudibility. These fluctuations, of which various striking examples have been observed, are due to the drifting of acoustic clouds, which act upon a source of sound, as the drifting of ordinary clouds upon the sun. The whistle showed the same intermittence as to period, but in the opposite sense, for when the whistle was faint the pipe was strong, and *vice versa*.

There seemed to be an extraordinary amount of sound in the air. It was filled with a resonant roar from the Bayswater and Knightsbridge roads. The railway whistles were extremely distinct, while the fog-signals exploded at the various metropolitan stations kept up a loud and almost constant cannonade. I could by no means reconcile this state of things with the statements so categorically made regarding the influence of fog.

The water was on this day warmer than the air, and the ascending vapour was instantly in part condensed, thus revealing its distribution. Instead of being uniformly diffused, it formed wreaths and striæ. I am pretty confident that had the vapour been able to maintain itself as such, the air would have been far more opaque to sound. In other words, I believe that the very cause which diminished the optical transparency of the atmosphere augmented its acoustical transparency.

This conclusion was confirmed by numerous observations made while the fog lasted.

On Dec. 13 the fog was displaced by a thin haze. We could plainly see from one bank of the Serpentine to the other, and far into Hyde Park beyond. There was a wonderful subsidence of the sound of the carriages, church bells, &c. Being at the bridge I listened for the sounds excited at the end of the Serpentine. With the utmost stretch of attention I could hear nothing. I walked along the edge of the water towards Mr. Cottrell, and when I had lessened the distance by one half, the sound of his whistle was not so distinct as it had been at the bridge on the day of the densest fog. Hence the optical cleansing of the air by the melting of the fog had so darkened it acoustically, that a sound generated at the end of the Serpentine was lowered to at least one-fourth of its intensity at a point midway between the end and the bridge.

This opportune fog enabled me to remove the last of a congeries of errors which, ever since the year 1708, have attached themselves to this question. As regards phonic coast-signals, we now know exactly where we stand.

It is worth observing here that the solution of the department of hail, rain, snow, haze, and fog, as regards sound, depends entirely upon observations made on the 3rd of July, which was about the last day that one would have chosen for experiments on fog-signals. Indeed, it had been distinctly laid down that observations on such a day would be useless; that they might indeed enable us to weed away bad instruments from good ones, but could throw no light whatever on the question of fog-signalling. That the contrary is the case, is an illustration of the fact that the solution of a question often lies in a direction diametrically opposed to that in which it appears to lie.*

* The foregoing report was compiled from the notes of Prof. Tyndall. It is published with Prof. Tyndall's sanction, but was not written by himself.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

CONSERVATIVE OPPORTUNITIES.

WE greatly doubt whether any Government in modern times has had such a collection of opportunities as the incoming Ministry. They are, indeed, as Lord Macaulay said of Charles II. on his restoration, in a position in which the path of virtue is down-hill. They profit both by the mistakes and by the achievements

of their predecessors to an extent altogether unexampled.

Look, in the first place, at the way in which the past policy of the Government acts in their favour. Mr. Gladstone's Government will be long remembered by six great leading measures — the Irish Church Act, the Irish Land Act, the Education Bill, the Reorganization of the Army, the Geneva Award, and the Judiciary Bill. We do not mean to discuss the questions connected with these subjects, which have been discussed *ad nauseam*. One thing, however, may be asserted with confidence about every one of them. They have been like so many surgical operations. Several of them were eminently useful, and had to be performed at some time or other. As to others there may be a doubt; but, good or bad, necessary or ill-judged, in each case a thing was done irrevocable in its nature and results, and a feeling was produced in the public that, whatever else might happen, the question once settled must never be reopened. In every one of the cases mentioned the Liberals have taken all the odium of effecting a settlement of a troublesome question, and by doing so they have put the Conservatives in the strongest of all positions. They are relieved from the necessity of interfering with most irritating matters; they are freed from all responsibility for the unsatisfactory working (if it should prove to be unsatisfactory) of measures which they did not propose, and they are supplied with a conclusive reason for pursuing upon all these subjects the easiest of all policies: "Give our antagonists' policy a fair trial; let us carry out honourably measures which we did not desire and for which we are not responsible." It is impossible even to imagine a pleasanter position.

Its strength becomes specially apparent if we look at the particular measures in question. Ireland is the sore point in the United Kingdom. The general feeling of the inhabitants of Great Britain towards the Irish Catholics may, perhaps, be described as one of just indignation, more or less tempered by an uneasy conscience. The reasons why we dislike and suspect them are painfully obvious, and need not be insisted on; but till lately it was always impossible not to feel that they had a case, and a strong one, against Great Britain. They could say, Your ancestors in many cases cruelly oppressed our ancestors, and you still in a minor degree oppress us. You

must not, therefore, wonder at our dissatisfaction or at the trouble which we give you on all occasions. Thanks to the measures of the outgoing Government, Mr. Disraeli will be able to reply to this with unanswerable force, Ireland has not the shadow of a shade of a grievance; all that can be said upon that subject is that the Irish Catholics form a minority in a community of which the vast majority is Protestant, and they must submit to that inconvenience unless the nation is to be cut in two, a hostile country being interposed between England and America, and England being placed between two fires in case of a Continental war. Mr. Disraeli is thus in a position to say to the disaffected part of Ireland, We have given you all you are going to get, and very probably more than you had any sort of right to have, and you have now simply got to obey the laws and live quietly like the rest of the nation, of which you will most assuredly continue to form an integral part, whether you like it or not. In holding this language to the Irish Catholics, we believe that the Conservatives would be enthusiastically supported by the whole of Great Britain and by the Irish Protestants. The most bitter Radical would like to see an independent Ultramontane nation under the lee of Great Britain as little as the stoutest Conservative. As if this was not enough good fortune in regard of Ireland, the nature of the majority is such as to deprive the Home Rulers of all importance whatever. Mr. Disraeli is completely independent of them, and is able to treat them and their claims according to their true demerits. This in itself is a piece of good fortune which can hardly be overvalued.

When we pass from Irish questions to the question of education the position of the Government is equally strong. They find a system established which in various respects they may not like, but for which they are not responsible, and they are able to say with perfect truth and consistency, Give this new plan a fair trial. We do not seek to reopen a compromise in which we have had to give and take, and with which, on the whole, we are not dissatisfied. On the contrary, we will leave it to its operation. We shall of course not give up what we won from our opponents. We will not favour the bigotry which would prevent little children from being educated at all rather than apply an imperceptible fragment of the rates to the teaching of principles of

which some of the rate-payers may disapprove; but we are essentially the friends and not the enemies of the widest possible extension of popular education. If the Government only pursue this policy quite steadily and impartially, if they withstand the imputation to job in favor of the Church and to try to snub the Dissenters, and if, as regards the Irish University question, they will simply say, "We will do nothing, and have no connection with Cardinal Cullen or any other subject of the Pope," they will be backed by an overwhelming majority of quiet, solid opinion in this country.

These remarks apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the reorganization of the army and the abolition of purchase. The odium has all been incurred, the disagreeable part of the business has been done, and nothing is left except for the Government to let matters take their course.

The Geneva Arbitration was, of all the measures of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, the one which we opposed most strongly, and which is most to be regretted. It always was and still is utterly incredible to us that the Americans would really have gone to war if they had been told in a simple and dignified way that we were quite willing to submit to arbitration on the basis of the existing international law, or to discuss the propriety of altering it for the future, but that we would not pay black mail to them for doing what we had a right to do because they happened to suffer by it. However, the thing is done and cannot be altered. The way in which it is profitable to the Conservatives is that they find the questions between England and America practically settled, and that they have had the opportunity of seeing in a very strong light the true nature of the feelings of the English people upon the way in which such questions ought to be handled if they should unhappily arise.

The Judicature Bill is the last of the great measures of the Liberal Government. Here, too, the Conservatives have been relieved by their opponents of the really unpopular and invidious part of the work which needs to be done. The revision of establishments, the alteration of the position of the judges, the reorganization of courts, is a matter which must, from the nature of the case, interfere with a great variety of personal interests and feelings. What is done or very nearly done, and what remains, is the improvement of the law itself which the courts are to administer. Such changes,

if well considered and well devised, need hurt nobody, and would be popular and creditable in the highest degree. They would indeed combine a maximum of benefit with a minimum either of change or opposition. There is simply no limit to the number of reforms of this sort which might be carried out, not only in substantive but in what may be called administrative law. There is hardly an institution in the country, from the courts at Westminster down to the most trumpery little board, which might not see its difficulties removed and the discharge of its functions facilitated by well drawn bills, which need raise hardly any party discussion at all.

These are truly and characteristically Conservative measures. It has been said with truth that abuses might last for ever if those who are interested in their maintenance would only do their business thoroughly well; and this is only a cynical way of saying that the public look a good deal more to the quality of what the Government supplies to them than to the price paid for it. Put our existing institutions into a thoroughly clear, perspicuous condition, make them work smoothly, let every one know precisely where he is and what are his rights and liabilities; in short, set our institutions in the best light of which they are susceptible, and the public will not care very much about substantial changes in them. Leave the holes unstopped and the repairs undone, and you give so many handles to popular clamour, and invite alterations in a spirit altogether alien to the original design.

From The Economist.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

It is not easy to say how far the present Conservative reaction is to be relied upon as permanent. There are, in our judgment, as we have explained, some permanent causes at work in producing it. The new wealth recently and very largely made in this country is, in the main, satisfied with its position, and therefore does not wish to change anything. The younger generation care little for politics, have no reform in their mind which they care for, are very sceptical, to say the least, of the advantages of any change commonly proposed, and therefore wish things to remain in the main as they are. The reduction of the suffrage below the 10s' limit is, in one particular, lastingly

advantageous to the Conservatives, for about that limit the dissenters have a much greater influence than they have on the *strata* below; and dissenters are for the most part Liberal. The most numerous class of the present constituencies belong to the *sub*-dissenting population, who may be acted on by the Church in favour of Conservatism, and at any rate are not acted upon by the dissenters against Conservatism. And these are powerful influences. But, on the other hand, there is an incalculable element of mutability added to the new constituencies — a smaller portion of them vote now than used to vote. And the *non*-voting population is not at all the same at different elections. Sometimes one man votes and his neighbours abstain; at other times he perhaps alone votes and his neighbours, or most of them, will not be at the trouble. The *effective* constituencies, if we may use that expression, are increasingly mutable; and therefore it is not unnatural that the result of one general election should be much more contrasted with that of the one before it, or of the one after it, than we commonly used to find. And that mutability may be increased by the periodical influences of the commercial cycle. There is a conspicuous alternation in trade (whatever may be the reason) between periods of prosperity and periods of adversity. According to the common saying there are "five fat years in the money market and five lean years." This Parliament has been elected in time of prosperity — in the season of the fat years — just when the world wishes for no change, for it can imagine little better; but if the next Parliament should be elected during the lean years, and at a crisis of uneasy depression, there may be an irritable desire to be rid of the present, and to change something at all events, in the hope that even a chance innovation may alleviate an inexplicable misery. The new constituencies, like all large bodies of men, feel more than they reason; they will never be able to analyze the causes of the cycles of commerce; but there will, we fear, be a tendency to elect excessively Conservative Parliaments in times of "fullness of bread," and excessively innovating Parliaments in times of scarcity and suffering.

On this ground it is difficult to be certain of the duration of the new Conservative Government. But of one thing we may be quite certain — that duration will greatly depend on itself. If its policy be good, it will last long; if its policy be

foolish, its end may not be far off. A policy of unmixed Conservatism is contrary to the irresistible conditions of life. There is a special cause in politics requiring change. One generation is, without ceasing, passing away, another is coming on to take its place — the new generation and the old differ in innumerable particulars. They think different thoughts, use different words, live a different life. The mere externals — the gait and dress and the houses of the two — are unlike, and, therefore, their politics cannot be the same. Changes in laws, changes in administration, changes in policy are incessantly requisite; the old laws, the old administration, the old policy, will not fit "the new men," will annoy and irritate them, and will be cast off with speed and anger. The English Conservatives have had in this century a signal warning in this matter. They were borne into power in 1793 by the highest and strongest political wave of recent times. The excesses of the first French Revolution had raised a current of horror that swept all before it. The Tories of that day were overwhelmingly predominant, because England then wished more than anything else to resist French principles and France. The Tories succeeded in this task; they won the battle of Waterloo, and they prevented even the least approximation in England to Jacobin innovation. They ought, therefore, one would imagine, to have been a popular and glorious party, and to have received the thanks of the country. But, on the contrary, the moment peace was concluded with France a great discontent arose against their Government; even the Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding his victories, was never loved, and often hated. At last, in 1832, their whole system was destroyed in a torrent of popular clamour. The explanation is, that the Tory party of that day was *too* Tory, it would alter nothing; it tried to fit on the generation of 1820–30 the policy suited to the generation of 1790–1800, and as the new generation could not endure that policy, at last it destroyed it without mercy. Perhaps we may rather wonder that the Liberal reaction which succeeded was, on the whole, so reasonable and mild, than that it existed. The danger was great; even the *Quarterly Review* has since observed "that if we had had three more drops of *Eldonine* we should have had the people's charter." If the Conservatives should now adopt an unvaried policy of indiscriminate quiescence and indiscriminate

obstruction, though they now seem so strong, they will be swept away like their grandfathers, who were stronger.

We are particular on this point, because we see it often stated, and stated as if it were sufficient, that the Conservatives will not now wish to revert to the old Tory policy and to undo the recent Liberal reforms. But this is not sufficient. The Conservatives must be ready not only to renounce the details of the old Tory Government, they must be ready also to abandon its essence and reverse its spirit. They must be as ready to innovate in detail as their predecessors were to resist in detail; they must be as unwilling to oppose good alterations consistent with the general basis of our laws as their predecessors were obstinate in opposing them. The present Conservatives are especially bound to do this, because one of their strongest cries against the last Government was that useful reforms were sacrificed to sensational innovations; that minor improvements which were not political advertisements were stopped in order to make way for immense changes which were so. And the necessary inference is that now they ought at once to push forward these minor improvements and to give us these useful reforms without delay.

In one most important respect the Conservatives have a great advantage over the Liberals in reforms of detail. The House of Lords has a tendency to accept what *they* propose and to reject what the Liberals propose. We do not bring this as an accusation against the House of Lords; it is a necessary consequence of human nature and party government, but it is not the less an unfortunate consequence. On large political questions the Liberals can appeal to the nation and induce the Lords to yield. But on minor reforms the Lords rule without appeal, and alter Liberal bills as they like. And yet it is in these minor reforms that consistency and finish are of particular importance. The largest sort of legislation is always a miscellaneous compromise of many theories and many minds. The constitution of things compels it to be so. But the smaller sort, which excites no misleading passion, and which interests but few persons, ought to be done as well as possible. But it can only be done well if one mind and one spirit are allowed to rule in it; alterations prompted by an antagonistic opinion, and omissions suggested by a wish to make the bill fail, are fatal. And yet this is in-

evitably the fate of Liberal bills before a Committee of the House of Lords, with the majority opposed to the proposers of the measure. A dozen of the ablest men in the country are set to work to hamper and maim it. Such a Committee is the cleverest known machine for mutilating bills, and for introducing unsuitable matter into them. But the bills of a Conservative Government are exempt from its jurisdiction. The Lords are on the side of the Government, and will adopt their proposals in the form in which they wish them to be adopted.

In law reform this advantage is invaluable. Every such measure requires beyond any others to be settled and moulded by a single mind. But no Liberal Chancellor has ever a chance of preparing a bill which is sure to pass. He has always to ask the consent of Lord Cairns before he can get it to pass, and as no man in such matters ever altogether approves another man's works, Lord Cairns is sure to alter and criticize. But Lord Cairns will now have absolute control. It is not too much to say that over all the uninteresting parts of law — over the law, say, of property, of evidence, of legal procedure — he is a despot. He can pass what he wishes, and no one can resist or hamper him. No one since law reform became an admitted good has ever had power even approaching this; and, as in all such cases, the responsibility increases in exact proportion to the power.

No complete list of the new Ministry has as yet been made public, but the main proposition is already certain whatever its composition in detail will be. It is that it is a Ministry of untried men — of men untried that is in similar circumstances. Of the two greatest names this is especially true. Lord Derby has been known to us for many years as an almost infallible critic of other men's actions — an almost complete list of the doctrines of common sense might, we think, be collected from his speeches. But how he will act for himself his tenure of office has never yet been long enough to show. Years must pass away before we can say whether his decisions as a statesman even approach in excellence to his counsels as an adviser. Of Mr. Disraeli the same remark is true, though not exactly in the same way. He has been Prime Minister once, and has led the House of Commons twice before. We may say that we know three important things about him — two favourable, and one unfavourable. We know that he is a great

man of the world, that he is an excellent judge of human character, and these are transcendent qualities in his present position. But we also know that he is a worse manipulator of detail than perhaps any man before of equal ability and equal experience. And in this age of facts the power of learning facts accurately, and of stating them precisely, is of enormous importance. It has been an essential ingredient in Mr. Gladstone's marvellous career.

But these defects and these merits of Mr. Disraeli have before been displayed in a very different situation. He was then in a minority and had next to no power. He is now in a majority and has very great power. He was then obliged to discover strange devices because a plain

and simple policy was the road to ruin. But a plain and simple policy will now be a sufficient safeguard for him. If he do not, according to the well-known saying of the great wit, "build a wall to run his head against," he may probably remain in power for several years.

At any rate one peculiarity of this Ministry is quite certain. Whenever the Conservatives have come in before there has been a murmur among Liberals, especially among Liberals dissatisfied with their leaders, something to the effect — "We must not be factious; we must be very careful; we must give them a fair trial." But now we shall not hear this, for the Conservatives are strong enough to secure a fair trial for themselves.

COINCIDENCES. — One is often much startled by coincidences — as the following. Waiting in an inn at Morpeth for the resting of a gig-horse (October 1844), I took out a little copy of *Crabbe's Borough*, which I carried along with me as a resource for amusement on such occasions. I had asked for the London newspaper of the preceding day, but was told it had not yet arrived. The section of the poem upon which my attention became engaged was that in which the striking description occurs of a pleasure-party surprised by the rising tide on a low sandy island, from which their boat had floated away during their merry-making :

Had one been there with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
He might have seen that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid;
Such, calmly grieving will their fears suppress,
And silent prayers to mercy's throne address;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd.

Immediately after I read this passage, the waiter handed in the *Sun* of the preceding evening, in which I found an account, from a Scotch paper, of a distressing affair which had taken place the preceding week on board the *Benledi* steamer, while on her way from Dundee to Edinburgh. The vessel, full of a pleasure-seeking multitude, who had been witnessing the Queen's departure from Dundee, had been allowed to strike on the Carr Rock, when instantly fiddling and dancing were exchanged for alarm and terror, as the almost immediate sinking of the ship was anticipated. Strange to say, the description of the conduct of the passengers was an exact reflection of that in Crabbe's poem, inasmuch that I have no doubt that the writer of the description had recently been reading that poem — unless, indeed, it was a true report of an actual scene in both instances. Anyhow,

the identity was most wonderful, even to the particular of gentle women maintaining a quiet and resigned demeanour, while strong men were frantic with vain terror. What one feels on such an occasion as this is surprise that years — a lifetime — should have passed without either of the two matters having come under observation, but at length both come within ten minutes of each other — against which, of course, there must have been numberless chances.

JEWISH FRAGMENTS. — Among the valuable additions lately made to the British Museum are some architectural fragments from Tel el Yahoudeh, the *mounds of the Jews*, in Egypt. These mounds are the site of the town called Vicus Judæorum in the Roman Itinerary, thirty Roman miles to the north of Heliopolis. It is called Onion in Claudius Ptolemy's Geography, and is where the Jewish high priest, Onias the Fourth, built his temple to God. These fragments are some of them, as we must suppose, part of the Jewish temple, because they are not Egyptian in style; while some of them, bearing the name of Rameses the Third, belong to the older Egyptian temple, which, as Josephus tells us, had gone to ruins on the spot. Both the temples seem to have been built of bad materials, in large part of unburnt bricks; and hence they have left no traces of their ground-plans.

The Jewish fragments are porcelain tiles, which were set as ornaments into the bricks, and also encircle a column as a capital. Many of them have rosettes or open flowers, always with eight leaves. The forms on others resemble the high cap, or mitre, of the priests.

At present they are dispersed in two rooms, and in as many as five cases in the Museum, and thus easily escape notice. Their value would be better shown if all these remains from Tel el Yahoudeh, both Jewish and Egyptian, were placed in one case. In the land of the Jordan we have been disappointed with forged pottery, and an inscription of questionable authenticity from Moab; and hence the Biblical student will be grateful for these fragments from the Jewish temple in Egypt.

Athenæum.

TELEGRAPHY.—The value of the electric telegraph in arresting the flight of criminals, thereby checking crime, has perhaps not been sufficiently recognized. Instances in which petty offenders are overtaken, at little or no expense, are sometimes amusing. One day, as we read in the newspapers, a rough-spun country butcher, whose travelling companion was a dog, took a ticket at one of the stations on the Midland Railway for Birmingham. It was shortly afterwards ascertained by the officials that he had a dog in the carriage with him. On being remonstrated with, and told that he must pay for the dog, he refused, and a regular brawl commenced, in the course of which the butcher got out of the carriage, and the dog followed. Here the disturbance was renewed, and the war grew fiercer, when all of a sudden, the train started. The butcher, forgetting his indignation at the parties, turned round, and jumped into his place again, followed by the dog. The train went on; the coarse burly man, laughing at having cheated the railway officers, told the whole of the affair to the passengers with great glee, and concluded by saying that they might *tallyscope* about him; he didn't care; he had done 'em, and they couldn't tell 'em at Birmingham before he got there, he was sure. On the train arriving at its destination, a gentleman in blue livery, with sundry hieroglyphics on his collar, touched the butcher on the shoulder, and said: "Sir, you have a dog with you, for which the fare has not been paid; you must either pay out the money, or I take you into custody." The *tallyscope*, as the butcher called it, had arrived at Birmingham first, and the butcher's feelings may be better imagined than described. The money was paid, and he would not probably try this trick any more. The electric telegraph is a moral agent.

THE *Paris Journal* gives a curious account of an hotel situated in the *Rue des Petites Ecuries*, which has a *clientèle* of living phenomena. It is an hotel of the lowest order, which

was fitted up by a French barman for housing extraordinary creatures. The *homme chien* and his son Fedor lived there for some time. The giant of Folies Bergeres (8ft.) dwelt there. He was an intimate friend of a dwarf whom he carried in his arms every evening, when taking his daily promenade after dark. There are also a good many acrobats and lion-tamers admitted into the house. Mdlle. Christine, the double sisters, were not a lodger; they had an agent of their own, an Englishman. Most of these curious specimens of humanity are placed under the direction of the hotel-keeper, who procures engagements for them at certain prices, according to their *demerits*, and directs them either to some of the minor theatres, concert-halls, or to the booths erected at suburban fairs. A *Table d'hôte* of the Petites Ecuries Hotel, where all these strange creatures come together, is the most extraordinary sight in the whole town.

PROF. COPE has recently explored the beds of the late tertiary formation, called Pliocene, as it occurs in north-east Colorado. He discovered twenty-one species of vertebrata, mostly mammals, of which ten were new to science. Four are *carnivora*, six horses, four camels, two rhinoceroses, one a mastodon, &c. The most important anatomical results attained are that all the horses of the formation belong to the three-toed type, and that the camels possess a full series of upper incisor teeth. The discovery of a mastodon, of the *M. ohioensis* type, constitutes an important addition to the fauna. One of the horses is distinguished by its large head and slender legs, much longer than in the common horse. A full account of these results will shortly appear in the report of Dr. Hayden's Geological Survey of Colorado.

COURTSHIP.—In courtship, the men are supposed to be in the active, and women in the passive voice. Exceptions are recognized as occasionally taking place; but the world notes not a vast multitude of cases in which the lady, though not apparently, is the actual originator of affairs which end in matrimony. By means which trench not in the least on delicacy—by a mere *manner*, susceptible on challenge of a different interpretation—she can dispose the soft heart of man to the reception of an interest in her, which he will believe to be of his own originating. It is strange how literature has almost overlooked this fact in our social life, considering that it affords such excellent opportunities for nice delineation of feeling.



